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SIXPENCE.

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MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN'S FIRST BUDGET: THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER ANNOUNCING THE INCREASE ON INCOME TAX AND ON TOPACCO AND TEA DUTY TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, APRIL 19.

SKETCHES BY S. BEGG.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Mr. Thatcher, of Bristol, sends a long letter to this Journal on the subject of education. It states with considerable force and shrewdness the objections to a uniform plan of book-learning for all children of all classes. "The taste for learning from books," writes Mr. Thatcher, "is a special taste; it cannot be acquired by all. Some are indisposed towards it in early life; and for a growing boy or girl of this nature to be pent up during the main period of development, from five to fourteen (nine years), indoors leaning over book and desk, can but be highly injurious." Besides, it restricts the flowering of the mind. "The genius of letters is not the only genius, not, perhaps, the most important; we badly need agricultural genius, mechanical genius, commercial genius, home and domestic genius." I can imagine a schoolboy reading this with enthusiasm. "Old Thatcher is right, you bet!" he may tell me with artless freedom. "I was never meant for books; neither was my brother Tom. I'm an agricultural genius; and he's a mechanical genius. We want to grow in the open air. I can't write much about it—writing's so beastly tiresome—but you come and see us, and bring old Thatcher with you."

This opens a nice prospect. Figure Mr. Thatcher and myself as a Strolling Commission to single out all the little boys and girls whose genius needs some stimulus which will not keep them in school. What a welcome we should get! What horrid odium would be launched at us by the youngsters who were doomed to book and desk! I don't see how my fellow-Commissioner could reconcile it with his principles to pass that sentence on any. "This is an interesting sitting age," he writes. "We sit here, we sit there, we sit everywhere. The average schoolboy is just arriving at the age of fourteen. Including the usual time of sitting at school and at home, and of lying in bed, he will have been sitting down and lying down about eleven years out of the fourteen. Probably this may not be wholly unconnected with the alleged declension of British physique." Mr. Thatcher goes on to make dark allusions to the "modern mysterious diseases, cancer included," due to over-stimulus of the brain in early youth. Do we ever see the hardy rustic now? "Where," asks Mr. Thatcher, "is the 'fair round' justice of the immortal bard, or the 'shining morning face' of the creeping schoolboy?" The rotundity of the J.P., if I remember rightly, was due to good capon; and there is no lack of that. But it is clear to my fellow-Commissioner that if the schoolboy's face is to shine, and his delicate system to be preserved from maladies, he must be taken away from books altogether.

This makes me fear that the Commission will not be entirely unanimous. The average schoolboy has surely more than a fair allowance of vigorous play. Holidays, if I am not misinformed, are not stinted. Mr. Thatcher has forgotten that masters are but mortal; he may never have perused the annual correspondence in the *Times* about the growth of vacations. Parents complain that their boys are thrown upon their hands in a state of rude ignorance, while the masters are mountaineering. But never a word about "declension of physique." I know my particular schoolboy will write to me: "Here's another tip for you and old Thatcher. Something's wrong with me. I don't know what it is, but it's modern and mysterious. Tom's got it, too! He says old Thatcher is quite right. We're suffering from the habit of sitting—like the House of Commons." This is not conclusive; and yet one has a suspicion that all this sitting and lying down may not be essential to every career. The other day, a visitor in a motor-car drove up to Mr. Thatcher's door. "Forty years ago," quoth he, "I was your errand-boy." He could barely read and write when he left school; but instead of sitting, he went leaping and bounding into prosperity, and now he owns a motor-car and a landed estate, and has found time to cultivate his mind. Books, you see, are out of place at the beginning of life; they should come later, when your banking account is comfortable. Tempting philosophy—for errand-boys!

The Mall, just now, is a theme of grief, not unmixed with execration, to people who cannot abide the recent road-making and tree-felling. And yet the Mall of yester-year—it is as difficult to recompose it in the mind's eye as to picture the leafy avenue which was there two hundred years ago. I have this well in view, to be sure, because I am haunted by a scene in Congreve's "Way of the World," which the Mermaid Society have played this week. There sauntered the beaux of that far-off time; and a pretty affectation of indifference to their company was practised by the fine ladies, decked with patches, and carrying masks to hide tears or other tell-tales. The mask, precursor of the veil, dangled at the end of a ribbon. But the fan, ever in play, seemed instinct with life; it could beckon or forbid, punish or provoke,

flutter like a startled dove, or catch the eye as bold as a pennon. And so Mirabell cried, when he saw Millamant, "Here she comes, i' faith, full sail, with her fan spread, and her streamers out." That was the pageant of the Mall in the year of grace 1700; and when you think that it can never come to life again, there is nothing very moving in the present fuss about a grass-plot and a few trees.

The gentlemen of the Mermaid Society were not entirely persuasive as Congreve beaux. As "a flock of gay fine perukes," they left something to the fancy. By what stretch of genius can a young man, born to short hair and a bowler-hat, assume the indolent grace of a Mirabell? How the actors in Congreve's day spoke his lines nobody knows; though I conjecture that the lines were not rattled. But if the old style came back, we should think it tedious and affected, and it would think us lamentably ill-bred; so difficult is it to fit the comedy of a century to the taste of the next but one. If Congreve himself came back, he would be unspeakably annoyed to find the Mermaid Society reviving a work which he had disowned. If the whirligig of time could only turn the other way, and give us Congreve and an audience of his contemporaries listening like astonished ghosts to "The Way of the World" as it is done now!

And yet the performance caught much of the old-world glamour that fills Congreve's masterpiece. When Mirabell and Fainall gossiped at the chocolate-house, in a pleasant room with low windows, and with the charming Betty to wait upon visitors, how infinitely more agreeable was all this than the life we lead in clubs, with their gloomy halls and stolid furniture, their absurd regulations—"hideous provisos," as Millamant would have called them—and their waiters, as sparkling as mahogany, instead of the charming Betty! Would Petulant arrange to-day for three ladies to call at his club in a coach, that he might refuse to see them, and so pose before his friends as a heart-breaker? Would he don a disguise, and call at his club for himself, and leave a letter for himself? Oh no! These charming fantasies belong to the chocolate-house, and Congreve, and the gay perukes, and the year 1700. We have positively nothing to boast of, unless it be Mr. Lennox Pawle, who played Sir Wilfull for the Mermaids with a true savour of that rural knight, especially when he was drunk, and declared the word "orthodox" to be Greek for "claret." Charles Lamb should have come back from the shades to see Mr. Pawle.

Mr. Philip Carr, in his graceful Note on the Mermaid production, argues for the humanity of Congreve's characters—a quality commonly denied to them. I think he has reason; but I am more grateful for his studious preservation of one blessed freedom of that picturesque time. "It was the custom," says Mr. Carr, "for all the gentlemen formally to kiss the ladies in a room on entering." Has no one the courage to revive this pleasant greeting in society now? The ceremony of introduction, as we practise it, is inarticulate and clumsy. The kiss of 1700 was discreet, gracious, and softly eloquent. It did not "break decorums," in Lady Wishfort's phrase, for it was often the only decorous thing in a comedy. But we, who have nothing but decorums, who are blighted by decorums, can we not borrow that kiss of innocent formality to embellish our manners? Let Mr. Carr see to this. There is no man better qualified to initiate such a reform. Besides, the Mermaid Society cannot give us "The Way of the World," as it was in Congreve's day, and expect us to be quite content with our own way. Some few discontents I have set forth. Let Mr. Carr hasten to appease one of them by starting an agitation in favour of the formal kiss.

An agitated correspondent writes to me: "I read in Lord Cromer's Report on the financial condition of Egypt this remarkable passage: 'Nothing can be more fallacious than the argument that an increase of debt must necessarily be a sign of financial embarrassment.' Sir, these golden words were balm to my fevered spirit—for a time. I have debts which grow; their capacity for growing is something magical. But, fortified by Lord Cromer, I refused to be financially embarrassed. A relation to whom I owe money said to me, with the candour of relations: 'This won't do; you're hard up.' I quoted to him Lord Cromer's maxim. He said it was all very well for nations and statesmen, but no good for private citizens. Now, Sir, I have always condemned the principle of judging the State by one moral code and the citizen by another. What right has Egypt to a growing debt, if I have not the same right? If Egypt is not embarrassed by her debts, why should I be embarrassed by mine? So when my relation presses for his money, I point out to him that his argument is fallacious. 'What do you mean by fallacious?' says he. 'That you won't get anything,' says I. And now he is spreading the most injurious tales about me in the family; all because I have adapted the principles of high finance to my private affairs!"

THE WAR: AN EXPERT COMMENTARY.

BY R. N.

Several interesting points occur in connection with the truly appalling disaster which has befallen the Russian battle-ship *Petropavlovsk*. In the first place, it is well to take note of its moral effect on the defenders of Port Arthur. Everyone must have remembered the shock which the news gave to the public in this country when the disaster was first announced, and that although the national sympathy had been rather with our Allies. It was not the number of men drowned, nor the sad fate of the gallant Admiral, nor was it the somewhat unexpected nature of the news which evoked from a people not given as a rule to emotional outbursts, such a general expression of sincere regret. It was the sudden and complete character of the catastrophe which touched the hearts and strung the nerves. And if this was so here, how much more forceful and lasting must be the shock to those who actually saw the vessel go down, and realised that at any moment they might meet a similar fate! For some little time, at all events, the moral effect of this blow must be taken into account as a factor in the situation. It must be remembered that it was Admiral Makaroff's rôle to re-invigorate and re-energise the already shaken nerves of the seamen of the Russian fleet; nerves shattered by the earlier successes of the Japanese. How well he had begun his task we have had ample demonstration. That his loss and this second shaking will presently bear fruit may be confidently predicted. All history points to such a result, and the moral effect of the success of Admiral Togo's tactics may do more to hasten the fall of Port Arthur than the mere sacrifice of ships and men.

It is manifest, too, that it will not be long before the recent events will bring to the front the question of the relative values of different kinds of naval war-machines. The battle of the gun *versus* the torpedo will be fought over again. And it will be asked, why build huge battle-ships costing more than a million each when torpedoes and mines, with the small craft for their use, can be supplied at much less expense and will serve the purpose better? We have heard how, one after another, these big battle-ships and fast cruisers have been placed *hors de combat* by the torpedo and the mine, and this without their having an opportunity to retaliate on their pigmy opponents. It cannot even be claimed for the gun that it settled the destiny of the battle of Chemulpo, for the *Variag* and her consorts were finally destroyed by their own crews. Where, then, is the *raison d'être* of the floating gun-carriages which we call battle-ships and cruisers? It is not intended to infer that these questions will be asked by the seamen who have to use the weapons and other engines of war provided for them by the taxpayers, but rather by those who have to foot the bill. The fact is, of course, that it is the special circumstances of the war that have contributed to give the torpedo and the submarine mine the prominence they have achieved in the operations around Port Arthur. In the days of the old wars, when Nelson and other great Admirals were engaged in the blockade of the enemy's ships, there were months and months when the only movements of interest were those carried out by small boats, bomb-vessels, and fire-ships. If the enemy would not or could not come out and fight in the open, the Power holding the command of the sea was forced to resort to cutting-out expeditions and other enterprises of a like nature. It is true that science has improved upon the weapons with which such operations can be carried out, and the results, if crowned with success, are of larger importance. But science has also improved the sea-keeping gun-carriages, with which the greater issues of the war are decided. So far as the value of these heavier vessels is concerned, it must depend chiefly upon the use which is made of them. Togo's battle-ships and cruisers are the backbone of his torpedo and mining exploits, and if Stark had used his battle-ships and cruisers when he had them, as they were intended to be used, there might have been a very different issue to the war. It should not be forgotten by those who question the value of the larger ships that the Russians have been as well supplied with destroyers and torpedo-boats as the Japanese, but, so far, they have not scored a success. The reason is not far to seek. Unless these smaller vessels are well supported by the main fleet, they can effect little.

It is not to belittle the gallantry, the courage, and the resource of the Japanese to point out that they were favoured by fortune. It argues small professional skill on the part of the defenders that they permitted a vessel freighted with a cargo of high explosives to enter their roadstead and perform there the highly difficult and dangerous exploit of dropping mines across the entrance to the harbour. But when this was accomplished there was a larger margin of chance still in favour of the Russian ships passing over the mine-field without touching one. The fact that the fleet passed out in safety may be explained by the mooring-chains having been fitted for low instead of high tide, or by the firing arrangements not having come into action. It is necessary that the salt water should penetrate the chemicals in the fuses of such mines before they become active and dangerous, and a little time is needed for this to happen. But neither explanation throws a light upon the escape of the consorts of the *Petropavlovsk* as they returned into harbour. It has been reported that the vessels opened fire on the mines, and cleared the way in this manner, but such a course is inconceivable. The mine that sunk the flag-ship must have been under her bilge or bottom to have done the damage, and must therefore have been under the surface, and no projectiles from the ships would injure a mine several feet under water. No; fortune favoured the Japanese when the *Petropavlovsk* ran on their mine; and fortune equally favoured the Russians in permitting the other ships, the *Pobieda* excepted, to pass unscathed.

PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain introduced his first Budget in a speech which was warmly commended by veteran Parliamentarians on both sides of the House. But the story he had to unfold was a sad one. The revenue had woefully belied the estimates of his predecessor. Customs, Excise, Death Duties, Stamps—they had all played false. Spirits and beer showed a decline of a million and a half sterling. Tea and tobacco had played the game, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed to reward them by putting twopence on the tea duty, and "adjusting" tobacco so as to get more money out of it. Your cigars will cost you more. There is another penny on the Income Tax. By this means a deficit of three millions and three-quarters, with a trifle over, is turned into an estimated surplus of nearly three-quarters of a million.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman said all this showed the necessity for cutting down national expenditure, and Sir Michael Hicks Beach said it was impossible for the country to stand such an increase of taxation in time of peace. Mr. Ritchie regretted that the tobacco duty had not been increased more largely instead of the tea duty, and Sir Edgar Vincent drew a mournful picture of the decline of our national credit.

The Tibet Mission was discussed in the Commons on Mr. Brodrick's motion to authorise the employment of Indian troops beyond the borders of India. He pointed out that the Mission was due to the obstinate refusal of Tibet for many years to fulfil the obligations of the treaty made by her suzerain, China. Sir Henry Fowler admitted that the Mission could not be abandoned, but suggested an agreement with Russia. Mr. Balfour said that the Russian repudiation of all concern in the affairs of Tibet he accepted unreservedly. But as to an agreement with Russia on the lines of the Anglo-French Agreement, it was necessary to remember that Russian policy in Central Asia was directed not so much by the central Government as by ambitious officers on the outskirts of the Empire. Mr. Brodrick's motion was carried by a majority of 209.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"SATURDAY TO MONDAY," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

In their "irresponsible comedy," or rather farce, "Saturday to Monday," Mr. Frederick Fenn and Mr. Richard Pryce obviously intended to supply the St. James's manager with just such another amusing and airy piece of nonsense as "The Importance of Being Earnest." Their predecessor's wit they could scarcely expect, indeed have not tried, to emulate; the light-hearted frivolity of his humour might have seemed within their reach. Unhappily, they have failed of their aim through an error of taste. The "Bunburying" of the earlier play hurt nobody, and was consistently entertaining; the practical jokes of Lord Culvert, R.N., caused infinite distress to innocent persons, and were at once outrageously caddish and very wearisome. Yet the joint playwrights started their country-house imbroglio with decided ingenuity and vivacity. There was genuine fun in the idea of a quiet tête-à-tête between a pretty widow and her sailor friend being disturbed by successive invasions of unwelcome guests, who had taken seriously the lady's casual "week-end" invitations. The authors' mistake began with the threat of their hero, who, when rejected by his hostess as being still semi-engaged, swore to propose to every female member of her uncomfortable house-party. Lord Culvert, in fact, was an insufferable "bounder" who, not content with setting all his fellow-guests by the ears, calmly planted his series of proposals on another man—his own dull-witted cousin. In the end, the peer's banalities proved simply depressing, and not all Mr. George Alexander's high spirits and well-bred manner could disguise the man's unpardonable and tedious offensiveness.

"THE DUCHESS OF SILLIECRANKIE," AT TERRY'S.

To all save those who are well acquainted with the plays of the London stage, and especially with its musical comedies, the allusions contained in the merry little extravaganza which now follows "A Maid from School" at Terry's Theatre will seem Greek, and the deliberate inconsequence of the piece quite bewildering. But experts will recognise "The Duchess of Silliecrankie; or, The Earl and the Cheery Girl on their Cingularled Entangled Honeymoon" (such is the title given it by its author, Herbert Fordwych of Aldwych) as a skit upon musical comedy as it is made to-day, and will admire the cleverness with which Mr. G. W. Byng has set his colleague's occasionally very pointed lyrics to popular melodies. Such sophisticated playgoers will not look for plot—indeed, that is what Mr. Fordwych's characters are imagined to be searching for—and will be content to find Miss Kitty Loftus carolling some sprightly ditties, one about "a duchess of distinction," another about "posterioris" and our street-hoardings, and to watch Mr. Mervin imitating popular actors and other celebrities, sometimes very successfully, as in the case of Sir Charles Wyndham.

"MISS ELIZABETH'S PRISONER," AT THE IMPERIAL.

In his latest theatrical venture Mr. Lewis Waller has fallen back on safe, conventional paths—that is to say, on the hackneyed, yet to English audiences ever attractive situations, on the primitive emotional appeals of romantic melodrama. Consequently "Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner," as the new play at the Imperial is called, was greeted last Saturday with unstinted popular enthusiasm. Not that this adaptation of Mr. R. N. Stephens's novel which the author and Mr. Lyall Swete have prepared does not exhibit some freshness and ingenuity of arrangement, an abundance of feverish energy, an instinct for exciting climax, but the collaborators' success comes from their employing just the sort of scenes in which their chief actor's dashing air and

gallant figure appear to best advantage. Here, then, is Mr. Waller, dressed in the handsome blue-and-silver uniform of an American captain, compelled to sit tied in a chair, first as an invalid prisoner, then as a recaptured runaway, waiting for death, and called upon the while to make ardent love, first from calculation, afterwards in real earnest. What could better suit the actor's flamboyant methods and rhetorical powers than the rebel's paradoxical position in which he has to conquer and reconquer the affections of a Royalist lady, at first quite resolved to surrender him to the hangman, and already attached to an English, though a very despicable, suitor? The story, of course, is altogether unconvincing psychologically, and its comic scenes, in which Miss Lottie Venne is given a share, are not too exhilarating; but its romantic passages, as acted by Mr. Waller, carry all before them.

"THE WHEAT KING," AT THE APOLLO.

How will a play dealing with finance, and American finance, too, contrive to interest the many who know nothing of Stock Exchanges? How will a big scene which shows an ambitious millionaire failing to meet his liabilities carry across the footlights? These questions not a few visitors to the Apollo Theatre will ask as they watch Mr. Norris's story of "The Pit" unfolded upon the stage. Their answers should be fairly satisfactory in both cases. Mr. Ashton Jonson and Miss Elliott Page have painfully overcrowded their adaptation with financial technicalities; but even a spectator with small experience of the City should grasp the object of Curtis Jadwin, the "Wheat King." And while the moment of the millionaire's fall, as he fights the shouting crowd in the "Pit," or exchange, does not thrill quite as does the previous scene in his office, when excitement is piled on excitement, the third act, as a whole, is one of the most impressive things ever presented in a playhouse. By the side of the financial section of the play its domestic episodes—the sorrows of a neglected wife—seem quite tame; but that is the playwright's fault in not reconstructing the novelist's story in terms of the drama. Still, here is a play at last with ideas, and novel ideas. Naturally it is a one-part piece, for Miss Esmé Beringer, as the wife, has little to do, and does that rather stagily; but Mr. Murray Carson, in the title rôle, though too much inclined to mouth his words and to express derangement of mind by derangement of dress, plays with grit and earnestness, and grips his audience in the great third act—an act, by the way, which every playgoer should make a point of seeing

THE GREAT WRESTLING CONTEST AT THE TIVOLI.

Last Monday afternoon, on the Tivoli stage, there took place between Jem Mellor, of Stalybridge, and Yukio Tani, of Tokio, a wrestling match of a very interesting and exciting character. Interesting, because this was a thoroughly genuine contest without "fake" or guile, exciting, because the battle swayed from side to side, and only concluded close upon the two hours' limit in favour of the Japanese representative. Tani won, though the method adopted was the Lancashire catch-as-catch-can style, and so secured the light-weight championship of the world. His victory, which was very popular, was the result of astounding agility as well as superior strength. Mellor worked the harder, and proved successful in the first bout, though, as the result was accomplished out of sight of the audience and amid a batch of Mellor's supporters, there was some angry feeling in the house. But Tani triumphed in the last two bouts, and just in the same way: impassive but watchful, he seemed thrown by his English antagonist, and then with a wonderful wriggle he changed the position, and clasping his rival's body with an ineluctable grip, forced his shoulders on to the floor.

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Duff. Two vols. (Murray. 18s.)

Problems of Empire. Hon. T. A. Brassey. (Humphreys. 6s.)

The Life of Lord Beaconsfield. Walter Sichel. (Methuen.)

The Paston Letters, 1422-1500. Vol. IV. Edited by James Gairdner.
(Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.)

Old West Survey. G. Jekyll. (Longmans. 13s. 1d.)

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE KING'S RETURN.

The visit of King Edward and Queen Alexandra to Copenhagen came to an end on April 18. King Christian accompanied his guests to the railway station, and other members of the royal family, with the Diplomatic Corps, were assembled on the platform to bid the visitors farewell. Queen Alexandra's Hussar regiment presented her Majesty with a bouquet. As the train was being placed on the steam-ferry, one of the end carriages left the rails, but was quickly replaced. A similar accident, curiously enough, occurred when the train arrived at Nyborg, and caused a delay of an hour and a half. On the evening of April 19 their Majesties arrived at Charing Cross Station, and proceeded with a travelling escort of the Royal Horse Guards to Buckingham Palace.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO VIENNA.

Prince and Princess of Wales, who on April 18 left London for the Austrian capital to pay their promised visit to the Emperor Francis Joseph. At the Hofburg their Royal Highnesses occupy the superb suite of apartments which were placed at King Edward's disposal during his recent sojourn in Vienna, and many brilliant festivities have been arranged in their honour. The Prince and Princess made their departure from Victoria Station and travelled by special train to Dover, crossing the Channel on board the special steamer *Empress*. At Calais the royal travellers were welcomed by the British Consul and other officials, and a large concourse of French people gave the Prince and Princess a cordial reception.

THE RUSSIAN DISASTER.

April 13, 1904, will always be remembered by the Russians as one of the unluckiest days in their annals. With the strategic aspect of the disastrous affair which robbed Russia of her ablest Admiral and of 700 men at one blow, our naval correspondent has dealt elsewhere. It remains, however, to set forth the outlines of the disaster as contained in Admiral Togo's dispatch, which finally brought order out of the chaos of rumour. It appears that on the night of the 12th the Japanese stole close up to Port Arthur and laid submarine mines in the course which they had observed the Russians always took on leaving the harbour. On the 13th the second destroyer flotilla discovered a Russian destroyer trying to enter the harbour, and sank her. Another destroyer escaped. At 8 a.m.,

a Japanese decoy squadron appeared outside Port Arthur and lured the Russians out to battle. Admiral Makarov, on the *Petropavlovsk*, commanded in person. By pretending to retire, the enemy drew the Russians fifteen miles away from the port, and a running fight was kept up. Admiral Dewa, of the small decoy squadron, then summoned Admiral Togo by

wireless telegraphy, and the Japanese commander bore down in force on Admiral Makarov. The Russians retreated, and as the *Petropavlovsk* re-entered the fairway she struck a mine, and was immediately seen to be sinking. She listed heavily, and then settled by the head, while flames and smoke enveloped her. In two and a half minutes all was over, and the flag-ship had disappeared. The Grand Duke Cyril, son of the Archduke Vladimir and cousin to the Tsar, escaped from the wreck as by a miracle.

THE LATE M. VERESTCHAGIN. "War is stupid," said M. Verestchagin, the eminent Russian painter drowned in the sinking of the *Petropavlovsk*; but he painted war to show that it was also horrible. That he was successful in an extraordinary

degree is common knowledge. The grim realism, the Zolaesque details, the insistence on horror, on the painful side of the strife of nations, that marked so many of his more famous battle-pictures, are better sermons against the "glories" of war than any pulpit or platform oratory. None realised it better than William I. of Germany, who, it is reported, forbade his officers and men to visit the painter's exhibition, lest his work should breed in them a contempt for their profession. Yet, curiously enough, Verestchagin himself had tasted the bitter-sweet of battle, and had himself gained the coveted Order of St. George for bravery before Samarkand. His student life was

Russian commanders as spies. This raises a curious question of international law. Has a belligerent the right to treat as a spy a newspaper correspondent using wireless telegraphy on the high seas? The high seas do not belong to Russia. On the other hand, the correspondent working under such conditions is entirely free from supervision. The ordinary censorship, so rigorously applied to military correspondents, is useless at sea. It is significant that the point has not been raised by the Japanese, who are apparently convinced that wireless messages to newspapers will do no harm to Admiral Togo. The Admiral is probably sure that the correspondents will not be able to describe anything it is not convenient for them to know.

THE AMERICAN NAVAL DISASTER.

Last week was peculiarly disastrous in the naval annals of the world. On April 13, the very day of the terrible misfortune to the Russian fleet in the Far East, a gun-accident occurred on board the United States battle-ship *Missouri* at Pensacola, Florida. The crew were at target-practice, and, for some reason which has yet to be ascertained, a charge which was being placed in the breech of one of the after-turret guns exploded, filling the turret with flame, which rushed down into the ammunition-handling room below and caused a second explosion and great loss of life there. The officers of the gun and the gun-crew perished to a man, and when a rescue-party was at length able to enter the turret, it was evident that the officers had stood aside in order to give the men any chance there was to escape. The chief gunner's mate, Monson, who was at work in the ammunition-handling room, performed an act of extraordinary heroism and thereby saved the ship. Immediately after the first explosion, he jumped into the magazine and slammed the door behind him, thus saving the lives of 600 men. At the moment, the officers in command of the ship regarded the explosion of the magazine as inevitable, and gave orders to run the ship aground. At a distance of less than 300 yards from the beach, the order was countermanded. The total number of dead was thirty-two, and the damage is estimated at £30,000.

Submarine *A 1*, the salvage of which has been attended with so much difficulty, was at length raised on the afternoon of April 18. The conquering of leakages in the hull was never complete enough to permit of the actual flotation of the vessel by pumping air into her; but she was made as buoyant as possible, and was then slung by wire hawsers fixed at low tide to a dockyard lighter. As the tide rose the submarine began to lift, but the parting of a hawser delayed operations for several hours. Late at night, however, she was swung clear, and a flotilla of tugs took the lighter in tow. The vessel was thus carefully brought into Portsmouth Harbour, where it was docked. When the dock was emptied of water, a canvas screen was drawn round the submarine, and the



A JAPANESE VIEW OF THE RUSSIAN ICE-RAILWAY ACROSS LAKE BAIKAL.

JAPANESE PRINT SUPPLIED BY SIR BRYAN LEIGHTON, ONE OF OUR CORRESPONDENTS IN THE FAR EAST.

his series of pictures of the chief events in the French invasion of 1812; only to go out to China in search of fresh material during the campaign of 1901. He exhibited in London on several occasions, and it scarcely needed the inscription to one of his pictures—collectively entitled "The Apotheosis of War"—"Dédé à tous les grands conquérants présents et futurs," to show that his object was to lessen the lust for war. M. Verestchagin was born at Tcherepovetz, in the government of Novgorod, on Oct. 26, 1842.

CORRESPONDENT OR SPY?

The Russian Government has made a great stir by informing the State Department at Washington that neutrals who employ apparatus in the zone of the naval operations in the Far East will be treated by

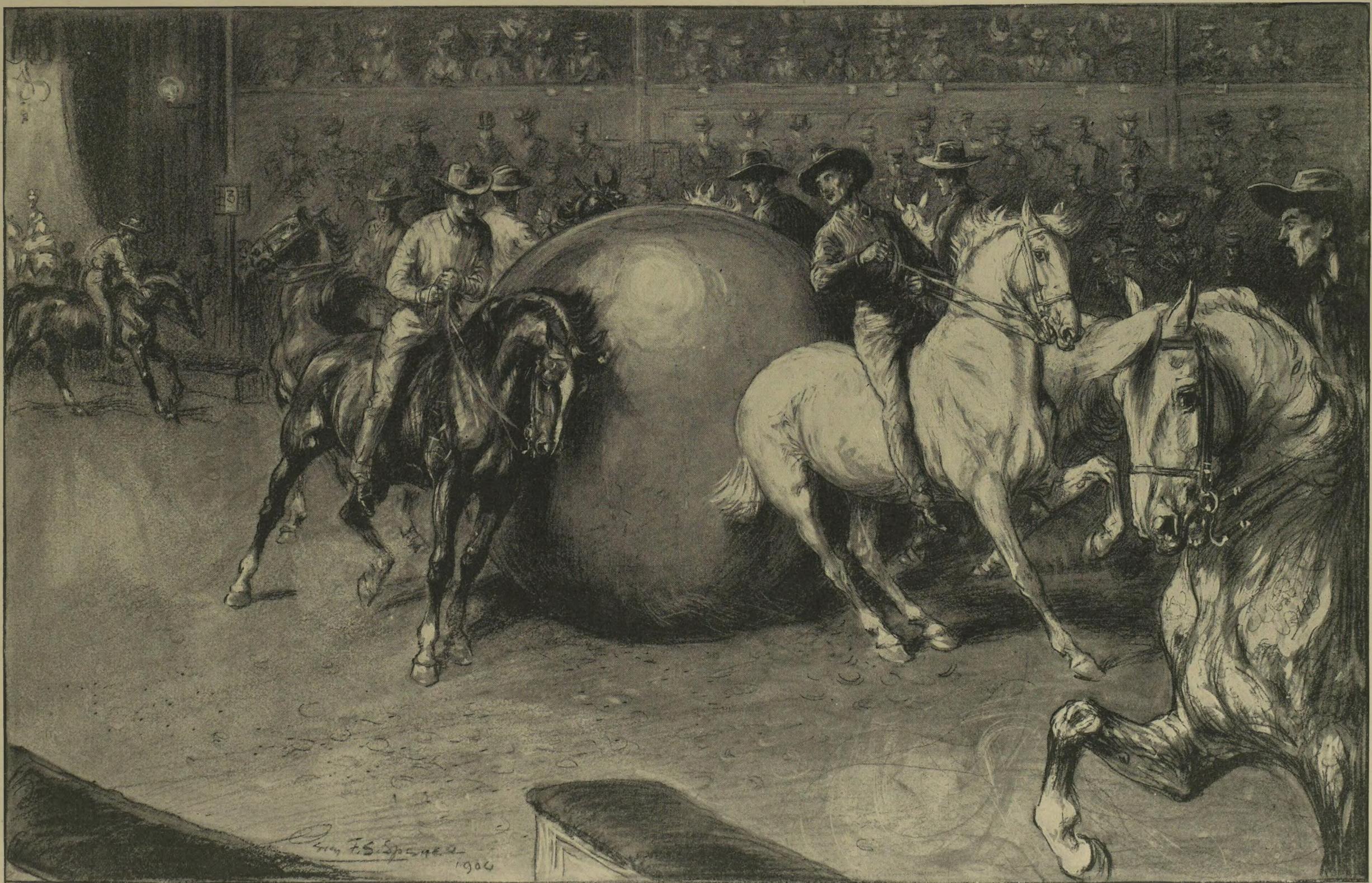
bodies were removed to Haslar. On the afternoon of April 19 the funeral took place with full naval honours at Haslar Cemetery.

THE BURNING OF THE KOREAN PALACE.

During the night of April 14 the Imperial Palace at Seoul was destroyed by fire. The conflagration could have been kept within bounds had the Japanese fire brigade been permitted to enter the Palace precincts, but they were stoutly refused admission by the guards. French and British sailors effected an entrance by the back, and did much to localise the outbreak and to save articles of value. The Emperor and all the members of his family escaped unhurt, and his Imperial Majesty displayed great coolness, remaining on the scene to direct operations. It was at first erroneously reported that the State archives

A GERMAN EQUESTRIAN VERSION OF A NEW SPORT.

DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE FROM A SKETCH BY E. HOSANG.



PUSHBALL ON HORSEBACK, AS PLAYED AT A BERLIN CIRCUS.

The game, which resembles football, is played by two mounted teams, and the entrances to the ring are the goals, each one of which is defended by a goalkeeper. The ball, which is over five feet in diameter, is pushed from side to side by the horses. The riders are often thrown, and sometimes horse and rider go down together.

had been destroyed. A rumour that the fire was the work of incendiaries has caused great indignation among the Koreans.

OUR PORTRAITS. Admiral Skrydloff, upon whom has devolved the not altogether enviable task of commanding the crippled Russian fleet at Port Arthur, is a worthy successor to the gallant Admiral who went down with the *Petropavlovsk*. Like Admiral Makaroff, he served with distinction during the Russo-Turkish War, when he gained the St. George's Cross, and has held numerous high commands in the Russian navy, which, it is interesting to remember, he represented at the opening of the Baltic-North Sea Canal and at the Spithead review in honour of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. During the Cretan insurrection he was in command of the Russian squadron in the Mediterranean; in 1901 he was appointed to the Far Eastern fleet; and two years later to the Black Sea fleet, which he has now left. In professional capacity he was believed to stand next to the late Admiral Makaroff, but, though a bold and dashing officer, he is likely to be more cautious than his predecessor, a virtue that will be brought about by necessity. He was born in 1844.

Sir Henry Thompson, the famous surgeon, who died on April 18, was a man of extraordinary versatility. Not content with building up a practice that was perhaps the largest, in his own department, of modern

entering University College Hospital in 1848, graduating as Bachelor of Medicine in 1851, and taking the University gold medal in surgery. He married Miss Kate Loder, a celebrated pianist, and is succeeded by his only son, Herbert, a member of the Bar.

The veteran Dr. Samuel Smiles, who died on April 16 at the age of ninety-two, might justifiably have included an autobiography among those biographies of captains

Germany is at present experiencing the irksome side of Colonial Empire, for the suppression of the Herrero rebels is proving more difficult than was at first anticipated. It is said that the Kaiser, at any rate, did not commit the peculiarly British fault of under-estimating the enemy; for he advised, in the first instance, that a force of 6000 men should be dispatched to the scene of operations. His counsels were, however, overruled, but it is said that the original plan will now be followed. A fresh engagement has been fought on the banks of the Swakop River, Colonel Leutwein being attacked by greatly superior numbers. After ten hours' fighting he repulsed the rebels, who were said to have lost heavily. The Germans had two officers and seven troopers killed. Owing to the Herrero trouble, the Kaiser has cut short his Mediterranean cruise.

GERMANY AND THE ENTENTE.

The German Chancellor made an excellent speech

in the Reichstag on the Anglo-French Agreement. He hailed it as a fresh guarantee for the peace of Europe. Germany, he said, should rejoice to see the causes of friction between other Powers removed. This interesting renunciation of Bismarckian statecraft did not please all the Chancellor's hearers. If there was one principle of foreign policy which Bismarck practised consistently, it was



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
ADMIRAL SKRYDLOFF,
NEW COMMANDER OF THE RUSSIAN
FLEET AT PORT ARTHUR.

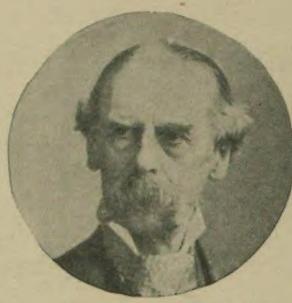


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE SIR HENRY
THOMPSON, BART.,
SURGEON, PAINTER, AND NOVELIST.

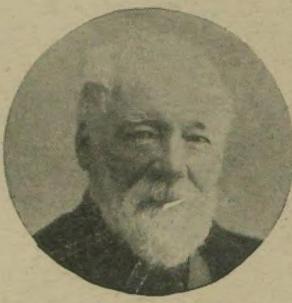


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE DR. SAMUEL
SMILES,
AUTHOR OF "SELF HELP."



Photo. Wilken, Elgin.

REMNANTS OF JACOBITE ENTHUSIASM IN SCOTLAND :
MR. THEODORE NAPIER OBSERVING THE 158TH ANNIVERSARY
OF CULLODEN, APRIL 16.

Mr. Theodore Napier, the Jacobite enthusiast who affects the garb of old Gaul in its most authentic and primitive form, solemnly led a party of his supporters to the memorial cairn at Culloden, and decorated it with wreaths.

times, he sought and found opportunity for the display of his considerable talent as painter and writer. In the former capacity he studied under Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, exhibited regularly at the Royal Academy, and gathered a magnificent collection of Japanese porcelain; in the latter he published "Charley Kingston's Aunt" anonymously, and saw it run through fifteen editions, and was a prolific contributor to the magazines. As surgeon, one of his most famous cases was that of the late King of the Belgians, whom he cured of a dangerous illness, and from whom he received as reward a fee of £3000, a Belgian Order, and an appointment as Surgeon-Extraordinary to his Majesty. To the general public he was known as an advocate of cremation. Sir Henry, who was born at Framlingham, Suffolk, on Aug. 6, 1820, the only son of Mr. Henry Thompson, embraced the medical profession against the wish of his father—who was a strict Baptist, and maintained that all doctors became infidels—

of industry by which he attained an extraordinary popularity. He was but twenty when his father died, leaving his mother with eleven children and straitened means, and thus early in life learned the lessons of self-reliance and thrift which he inculcated through the medium of his published works. Educated as a surgeon, he practised for six years in Haddingtonshire; but though he showed some aptitude for his profession, failed to prosper largely owing to his youth, and after having published his first work—a treatise on Physical Education—he left Scotland for Leeds. There he was offered and accepted the editorship of the *Leeds Times*, afterwards contriving to add to journalistic duties those entailed by the secretaryship of the Leeds and Thirsk Railway and the secretaryship of the South-Eastern Railway. His acquaintance with George Stephenson led to a "Life" of the great engineer, published in 1857. With this he first tasted the fruit of literary success, but it was another two years before he issued "Self-Help," the work which gained him both fame and fortune, was given the eighth place in Sir John Lubbock's "Hundred Best Books," and earned him the recognition of many notabilities, including Prince Bismarck and Queen Victoria, who wished him to accept a title. The book was declined by the publishers, who were of the opinion that the public had no time to read sermons on self-help during the eventful times of the Crimean War. It was eventually issued at the author's own risk. Within twelve months twenty thousand copies were bought, and the sale has since been continuous. Various other works of biography followed it, but none achieved the same extraordinary success, though "Thrift" undoubtedly approached it. Whether Dr. Smiles' teachings, the practice of perseverance, and the virtues generally, with a view chiefly to the amassing of wealth, are altogether the highest, is questionable, but that his work was useful few would deny.

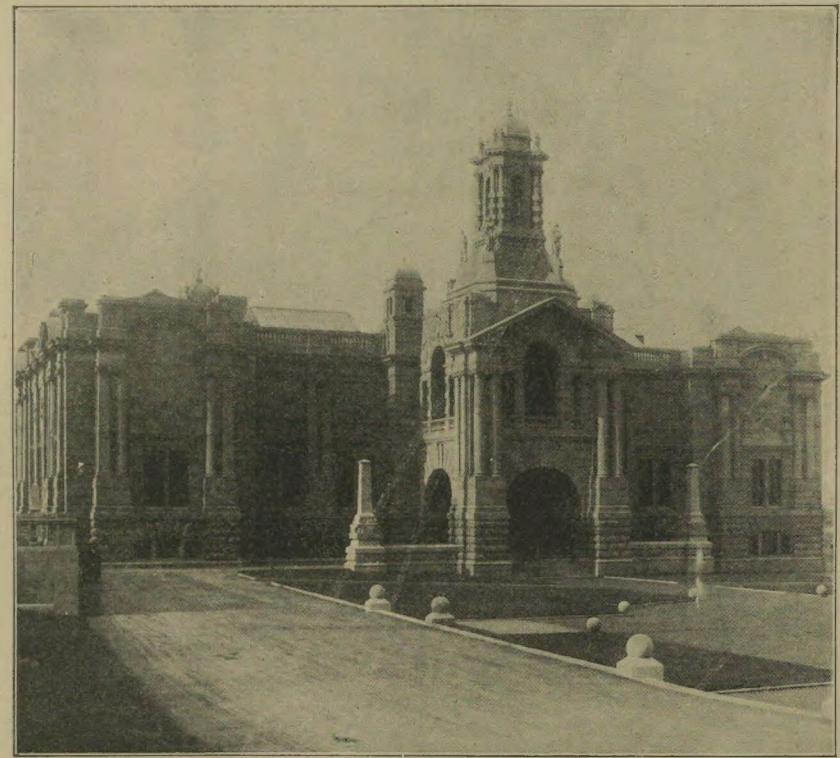
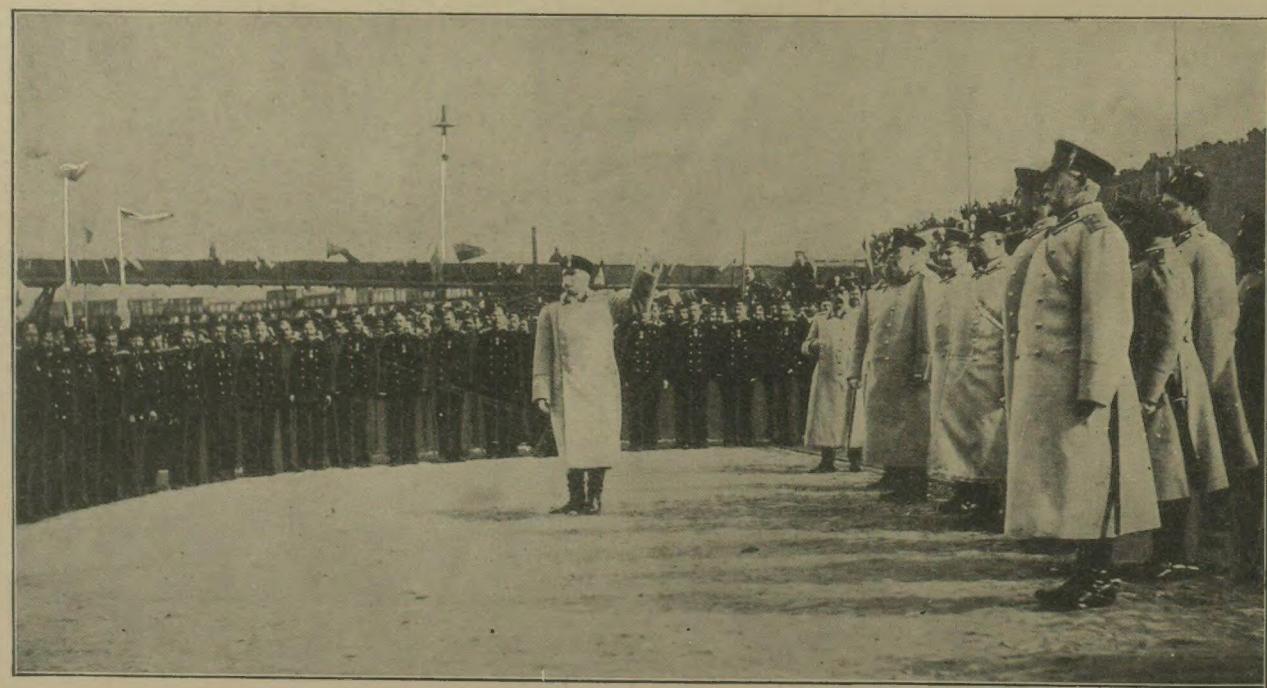


Photo. Rosemont.

THE CARTWRIGHT MEMORIAL HALL, BRADFORD, OPENED APRIL 13.
The Hall, which has cost £60,000, is to commemorate Dr. Cartwright, the poet and divine, who invented the wool-combing machine and power-loom. Lord M. sham, who contributed £47,000 towards the cost, opened the building.

the principle of stimulating frictions abroad. The long estrangement between England and France was largely due to Bismarck. So Count von Bülow was sharply criticised by one orator, who declared that the Anglo-French Agreement was not in accord with German interests. Bismarck would have said the same thing, but Bismarck is dead. The living Chancellor is putting his foot upon the "malevolent or impatient criticism" which accuses him of neglecting German interests by refraining from a claim to a share of Morocco!

Further outbreaks are reported from the Balkans. On April 15, in a village near Skutari, the Christians and the Mussulmans fell foul of each other on account of a fishing dispute. One person was killed and nine wounded. Great unrest was occasioned in the neighbouring villages, and the Vali has been asked by the Consuls to take vigorous measures. General di Giorgis, who has had a farewell audience of the Sultan, has left for his headquarters at Salonika.



SURVIVORS OF THE CHEMULPO FIGHT: THE CREW OF THE "VARIAG" WELCOMED AT ODESSA BY THE GOVERNOR, GENERAL KAULBARS.

Each man wears the Cross of St. George, awarded in recognition of the "Variag's" gallant struggle.

THE RAISING OF THE SUBMARINE "A 1": THE FINAL OPERATIONS.

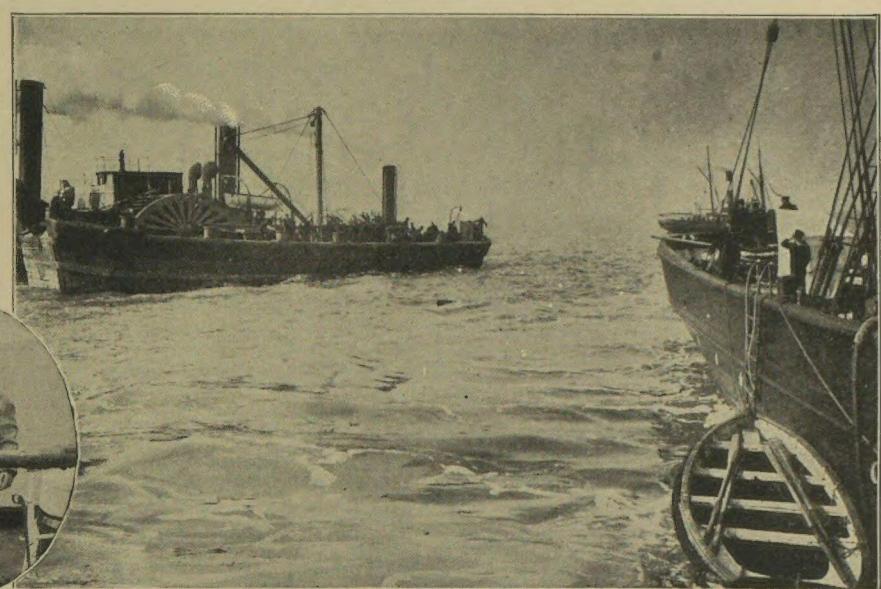
PHOTOGRAPHS AND MATERIAL BY RUSSELL AND STEPHEN CRIBB; DRAWINGS BY F. T. JANE AND C. DE LACY.



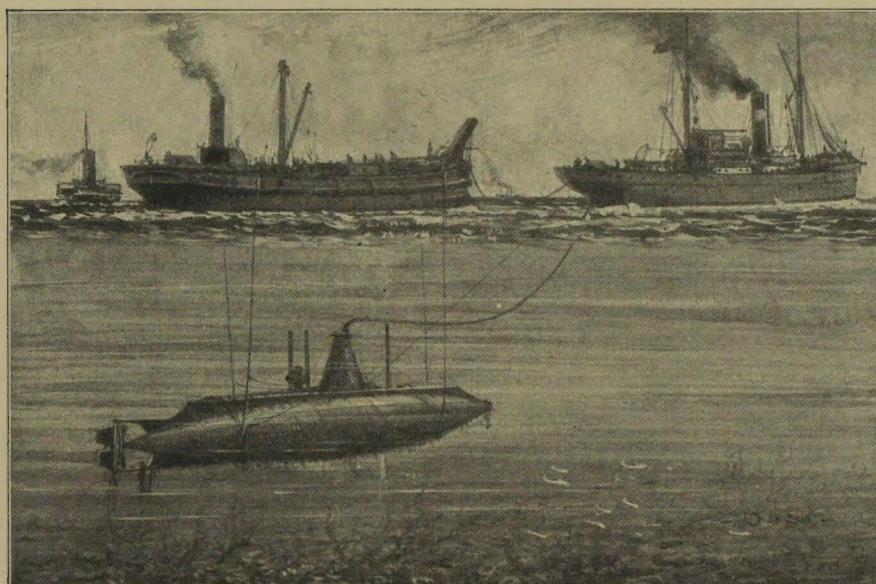
THE "BELOS" AND THE DOCKYARD LIGHTER BELOW WHICH
THE SUBMARINE "A 1" WAS SLUNG.



KARLSSON,
THE DIVER.



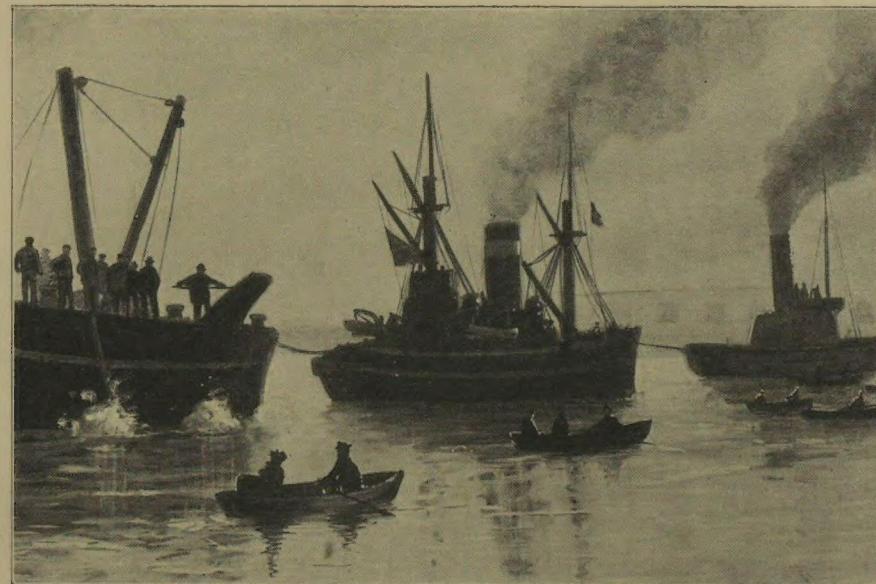
THE LIGHTER COMING INTO POSITION ABOVE SUBMARINE "A 1."
Note broken water from escape of air from submarine.



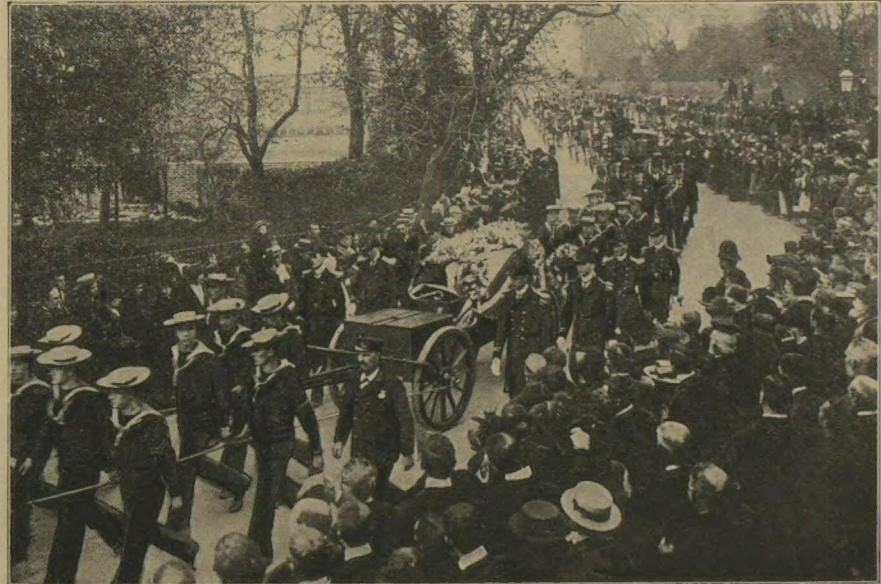
THE METHOD OF RAISING THE VESSEL: SUBMARINE "A 1" SLUNG BELOW A LIGHTER
BY WIRE HAWSERS.



FLOTILLA TOWING THE RECOVERED SUBMARINE INTO PORTSMOUTH
HARBOUR.



THE SALVAGE OF THE SUBMARINE: THE LIGHTER SUPPORTING THE VESSEL
APPROACHING PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR.

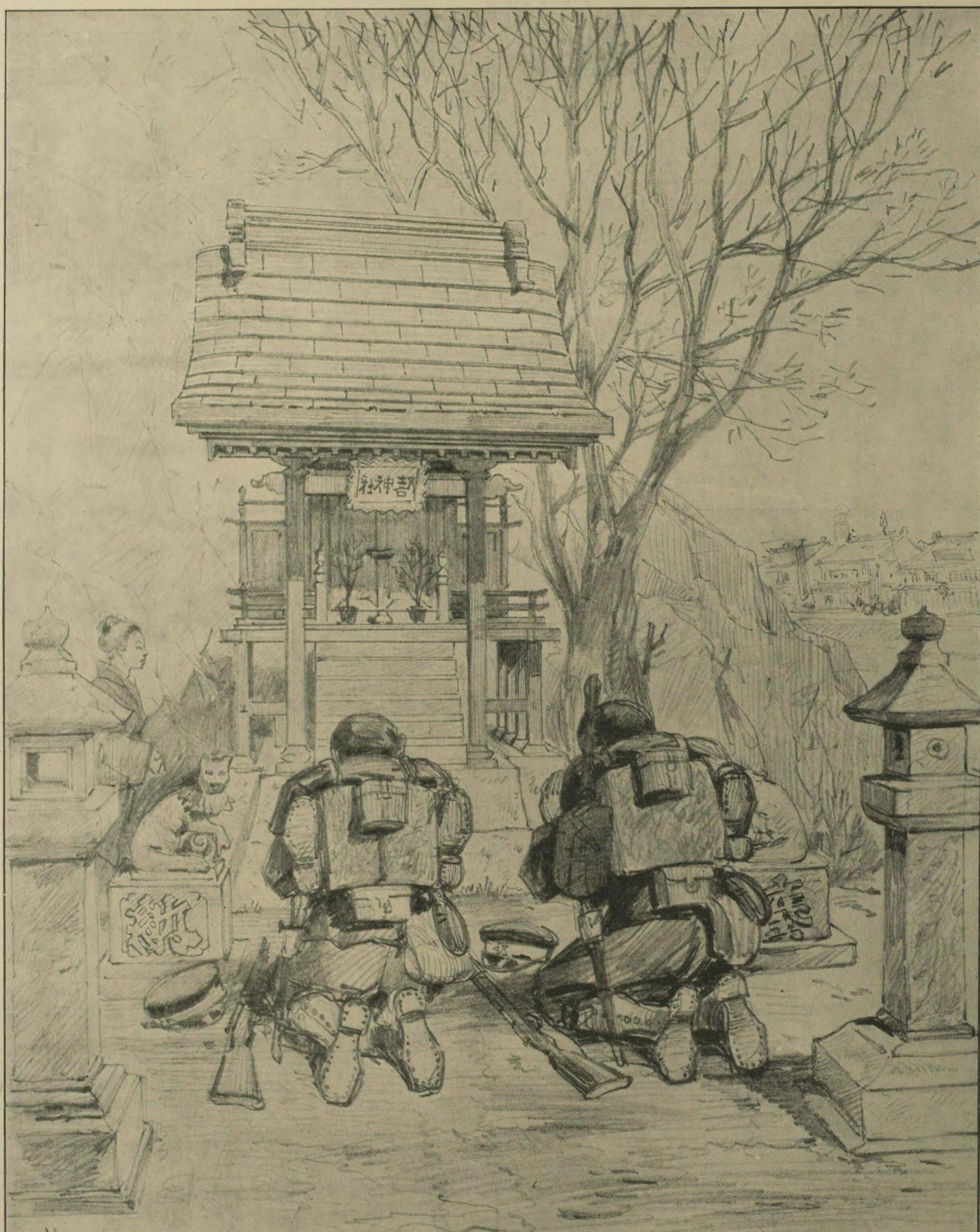


THE VICTIMS' FUNERAL TO HASLAR CEMETERY, APRIL 19: THE GUN-CARRIAGE
BEARING LIEUTENANT MANSERGH'S BODY.

The original intention of the Salvage Company was to close the leaks and pump air into the hull of the submarine until it rose. The difficulty of making the vessel perfectly air-tight was, however, never quite overcome; and finally the wreck, being made as buoyant as possible, was slung below a lighter at low tide. It was thus lifted by the flood-tide from the bottom and towed into dock.

"THE LIGHT OF ASIA": DEVOUT JAPANESE WARRIORS.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE FAR EAST.



The Russo-Japanese War—
Reservists on their way to join the colors
A Prayer by the way side—

SOLDIERS PRAVING BEFORE A WAYSIDE SHRINE IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOKIO.

MR. MELTON PRIOR WRITES: "One day, while driving out of Tokio, I chanced to see two soldiers in full marching order suddenly stop in front of a wayside shrine. Placing their rifles by their sides and doffing their caps, they knelt down, and after bowing several times they put their hands together as if in prayer. They remained about two minutes in this attitude, then, picking up their rifles and caps, they marched on to join their regiment. I was very much impressed by the scene."

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

The Last Hope

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

DORMER COLVILLE IS BLIND.

It was late when Dormer Colville reached the quiet sea-coast village of Royan on the evening of his return to the west. He did not seek Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence until the luncheon hour next morning, when he was informed that she was away from home.

"Madame has gone to Paris," the man said who, with his wife, was left in charge of the empty house. "It was a sudden resolution, one must conclude," he added darkly; "but Madame took no one into her confidence. She received news by post which must have brought about this sudden decision."

Colville was intimately acquainted with his cousin's affairs; indeed, many hazarded an opinion that without the help of Madame St. Pierre Lawrence this rolling stone would have been bare enough. She had gone to Paris for one of two reasons, he concluded. Either she had expected him to return thither from London, and had gone to meet him with the intention of coming to some arrangement as to the disposal of the vast sum of money now in Turner's hands awaiting further developments, or some hitch had occurred with respect to John Turner himself.

Dormer Colville returned thoughtfully to his lodging, and in the evening set out for Paris.

He had himself not seen Turner since that morning in the banker's office in the Rue Lafayette when they had parted so unceremoniously in a somewhat heated spirit. But on reflection, Colville, who had sought to reassure himself with regard to one whose name stood for the incarnation of gastronomy and mental density in the Anglo-French clubs of Paris, had come to the conclusion that nothing was to be gained by forcing a quarrel upon Turner. It was impossible to bring home to him an accusation of complicity in an outrage which had been carried through with remarkable skill. And when it is impossible to force home an accusation a wise man will hold his tongue.

Colville could not prove that Turner had known Barebone to be in the carriage waiting in the courtyard, and his own action in the matter had been limited to the interposition of his clumsy person between Colville and the window, which might, after all, have been due to stupidity. This, as a matter of fact, was Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence's theory on the subject; for that lady, resting cheerfully on the firm basis of a self-confidence which the possession of money nearly always confers on women, had laughed at Turner all her life, and now proposed to continue that course of treatment.

"Take my word," she had assured Colville, "he was only acting in his usual dense way, and probably thinks now that you are subject to brief fits of mental aberration. I am not afraid of him or anything that he can do. Leave him to me, and devote all your attention to finding Loo Barebone again."

Upon which advice Colville had been content to act. He had a faith in Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence's wit which was almost as great as her own; and thought, perhaps rightly enough, that if anyone were a match for John Turner, it was his sprightly and capable client. For there are two ways of getting on in this world: one is to get credit for being cleverer than you are, and the other to be cleverer than your neighbour suspects. But the latter plan is seldom followed, for the satisfaction it provides must necessarily be shared with no confidant.

Colville knew where to look for Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence in Paris, where she always took an apartment in a quiet and old-fashioned hotel rejoicing in a

select Royalist *clientèle* on the Place Vendôme. On arriving at the capital he hurried thither, and was told that the lady he sought had gone out a few minutes earlier. "But Madame's maid," the porter added, "is no doubt within."

Colville was conducted to Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence's room, and was hardly there before the lady's French maid came hurrying in with upraised hands.

"A just Heaven has assuredly sent Monsieur at this moment!" she exclaimed. "Madame only quitted this room ten minutes ago, and she was agitated—she who is usually so calm. She would tell me nothing, but I know—I who have done Madame's hair these ten years. And there is only one thing that could cause her anxiety, I know—except, of course, any mishap to Monsieur; that would touch the heart. Yes!"

"You are very kind, Catherine," said Colville with a laugh, "to think me so important. Is that letter for me?"

And he pointed to a note in the woman's hand.

"But, yes!" was the reply; and she gave up the letter somewhat reluctantly. "There is only one thing—

have heard it from Miriam Liston; for their journey back to Gemosac had occupied nearly a week. On learning the good news, Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence had promptly grasped the situation; for she was very quick in thought and deed. The money would be wanted at once. She had gone to Turner's office to withdraw it in person.

Dormer Colville bought a flower in a shop in the Rue de la Paix and had it affixed to his buttonhole by the handmaid of Flora, who made it her business to linger over the office with a gentle familiarity no doubt pleasing enough to the majority of her clients.

Colville was absent-minded as he drove in a hired carriage to the Rue Lafayette. He was wondering whether Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence's maid had any grounds for stating that a mishap to him would touch her mistress's heart. He was a man of unbounded enterprise; but, like many who are gamblers at heart, he was superstitious. He had never dared to try his luck with Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence. She was so hard, so worldly, so infinitely capable of managing her own affairs and regulating her own life, that to offer her his

hand and heart in exchange for her fortune had hitherto been dismissed from his mind as a last expedient only to be faced when ruin awaited him.

She had only been a widow three years. She had never been a sentimental woman, and now her liberty and her wealth were obviously so dear to her that in common sense he could scarcely, with any prospect of success, ask her outright to part with them. Moreover, Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence knew all about Dormer Colville, as men say. Which is only a saying; for no human being knows all about another human being, nor one-half, nor one-tenth of what there is to know. Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence knew enough, at all events; Colville reflected rather ruefully, to disillusionise a school-girl, much more a woman of the world, knowing good and evil.

He had not lived forty years in the world and twenty years in that world of French culture, which digs and digs into human nature, without having heard philosophers opine that in matters of the heart women have no illusions at all, and that it is only men who go blindfold into the tortuous ways of Love. But he was too practical a man to build up a false hope on so frail a basis as a theory applied to a woman's heart.

He bought a flower for his buttonhole, then, and squared his shoulders without any definite design. It was a mere habit—the habit acquired by twenty years of unsuccessful enterprise, and renewed effort and deferred hope—of leaving no stone unturned.

His cab wheeled into the Rue Lafayette, and the man drove more slowly, reading the numbers on the houses. Then he stopped altogether, and turned round in his seat.

"Citizen," he said, "there is a great crowd at the house you named. It extends half across the street. It is not I who care about publicity."

Colville stood up and looked in the direction indicated by his driver's whip. The man had scarcely exaggerated. A number of people were awaiting their turn on the pavement and out into the roadway, while two gendarmes held the door. Dormer Colville paid his cabman and walked into that crowd with a sinking heart.

"It is the great English banker," explained an onlooker, even before he was asked, "who has failed."

Colville had never found any difficulty in making his way through a crowd—a useful accomplishment in Paris at all times, where government is conducted, thrones are



Dormer Colville bought a flower in a shop
in the Rue de la Paix.

and that is money,"
she concluded, watching him tear open the envelope.

"I am going to John Turner's office," Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence wrote. "If by some lucky chance you should pass through Paris and happen to call this morning, follow me to the Rue Lafayette.—M. St. P. L."

It was plain enough, Colville reflected, that Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence had heard of the success of his mission to England and the safe return to Gemosac of Loo Barebone. For the moment he could not think how the news could have reached her. She might

raised and toppled over, provinces are won and lost again by the mob. He had that air of distinction which, if wielded good-naturedly, is the surest passport in any concourse. Some, no doubt, recognised him as an Englishman. One after another made way for him. Persons unknown to him commanded others to step aside and let him pass; for the busybody we have always with us.

In a few minutes he was at the top of the stairs, and there elbowed his way into the office where the five clerks sat bent up over their ledgers. The space on the hither side of the counter was crammed with men who whispered impatiently together. If anyone raised his voice, the clerk whose business it was lifted his head and looked at the speaker with a mute surprise.

One after another these white-faced applicants leant over the counter.

"*Voyons, Monsieur!*" they urged, "tell me this or inform me of that."

But the clerk only smiled and shook his head.

"Patience, Monsieur," he answered. "I cannot tell you yet. We are awaiting advices from London."

"But when will you receive them?" inquired several at once.

"It may be to-morrow. It may not be for some days."

"But can one see Mr. Turner?" inquired one more daring than the rest.

"He is engaged."

Colville caught the eye of the clerk, and by

I always thought you were a d—d scoundrel, Turner, and now I know it! I'll get you to the galleys for the rest of your life—I promise you that."

"You will gain nothing by that," returned the banker, staring at the date-card in front of him, "and you will lose any chance there is of recovering something from the wreck. Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence had better take the advice of her lawyer—in preference to yours."

"Then I am ruined," said that lady, rising with an air of resolution. She was brave, at all events.

"At the present moment it looks like it," admitted Turner, without meeting her eye.

"What am I to do?" murmured Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence, looking helplessly round the room, and finally at the banker's stolid face.

"Like the rest of us, I suppose," he admitted. "Begin the world afresh. Perhaps your friends will come forward."

And he looked calmly towards Dormer Colville. Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence's face suddenly flushed, and

tenderly. "See a way out of it," he repeated in a reflective and business-like voice. "No, I am afraid, for the moment, I don't."

He sat stroking his moustache, looking out of the window, while she looked out of the other, resolutely blinking back her tears. They drove to her hotel without speaking.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A SORDID MATTER.

"*Bon Dieu!* my old friend, what do you expect?" replied Madame de Chantonay to a rather incoherent statement made to her one May afternoon by the Marquis de Gemosac. "It is the month of May," she further explained, indicating with a gesture of her dimpled hand the roses a-bloom all around them. For the Marquis had found her in a chair beneath the mulberry-tree in the old garden of that house near Gemosac which looks across the river towards the sea. "It is the month of May. One is young. Such things have happened since the world began. They will happen until it ends, Marquis. It happened in our own time, if I remember correctly."

And Madame de Chantonay heaved a prodigious sigh in memory of the days that were no more.

"Given a young man of enterprise, and not bad-looking, I allow. He has the grand air, and his face is not without distinction. Given a young girl, fresh as a flower, young, innocent—not without feeling. Ah! I know, for I was like that myself. Place them in a garden in the springtime. What will they talk of? Politics? Ah, bah! Let them have long evenings together, while their elders play chess or a hand at *bézique*. What game will they play? A much older game than chess or *bézique*, I fancy."

"But the circumstances were so exceptional," protested the Marquis, who had a pleased air, as if his anger were not without an antidote.

"Circumstances may be exceptional, my friend, but Love is a Rule. You allow him to stay six weeks in the château,

seeing Juliette daily, and then you are surprised that one fine morning Monsieur de Bourbon comes to you and tells you brusquely, as you report it, that he wants to marry your daughter."

"Yes," admitted the Marquis. "He was what you may describe as brusque. It is the English way, perhaps, of treating such matters. Now, for myself, I should have been warmer, I think. I should have allowed myself a little play, as it were. One says a few pretty things—is it not so? One suggests that the lady is an angel and oneself entirely unworthy of a happiness which is only to be compared with the happiness that is promised to us in the Hereafter. It is an occasion upon which to be eloquent."

"Not for the English!" corrected Madame de Chantonay, holding up a hand to emphasise her opinion. "And you must remember that, although our friend is French, he has been brought up in that cold country—by a minister of their frozen religion, I understand. I who speak to you know what they are. For once I had an Englishman in love with me. It was in Paris, when Louis XVIII. was King. And did this Englishman tell me that he was heartbroken, I ask you? Never. On the contrary, he appeared to be of an indifference only to be compared with the indifference of a tree; my friend. He seemed to avoid me rather than seek my society. Once he made believe to forget that he had been presented to me. A ruse—a mere ruse to conceal his passion. But I knew, I always knew."

"And what was the poor man's fate? What was his name, Comtesse?"

"I forgot, my friend. For the moment I have forgotten it. But tell me more about Monsieur de Bourbon



Colville stood up and looked in the direction indicated by his driver's whip.

she turned away towards the door. Turner rose laboriously and opened it.

"There is another staircase through this side door," he said, opening a second door which had the appearance of a cupboard. "You can avoid the crowd."

She and Colville passed out together, and Turner, having closed the door behind him, then crossed the room to where a small mirror was suspended. He set his tie straight and smoothed his hair and then returned to his chair with a vague smile on his face.

Colville took the vacant seat in Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence's brougham. She still held a handkerchief in her hand.

"I do not mind for myself," she exclaimed suddenly when the carriage moved out of the courtyard. "It is only for your sake, Dormier."

She turned and glanced at him with eyes that shone, but not with tears.

"Oh! Don't you understand?" she asked in a whisper. "Don't you see, Dormier . . . ?"

"—A way out of it," he answered hurriedly, almost interrupting her. He withdrew his hand, upon which she had laid her own; withdrew it sympathetically, almost

Turner continued to bite his thumb, and glanced at her without speaking.

"Now, d—n it all, Turner!" said Colville, in a voice suddenly hoarse. "Hand it over, man!"

"I tell you it is gone," was the answer.

"What? Three hundred and fifty thousand pounds! Then you are a rogue—you are a fraudulent trustee!"

and Juliette. He is passionately in love with her, of course; he is miserable."

The Marquis reflected for a few moments.

"Well," he said at last, "he may be so; he may be so, Comtesse."

"And you, what did you say?"

The Marquis looked carefully round before replying. Then he leant forward, with his forefinger raised delicately to the tip of his nose.

"I temporised, Comtesse," he said in a low voice. "I explained as gracefully as one could that it was too early to think of such a development—that I was taken by surprise."

"Which could hardly have been true," put in Madame de Chantonay in an audible aside to the mulberry-tree. "For neither Guinne nor la Vendée will be taken by surprise...."

"...I said, in other words—a good many words, the more the better, for one must be polite—'Secure your throne, Monsieur, and you shall marry Juliette. But it is not a position into which one hurries the last of the house of Gemosac—to be the wife of an unsuccessful claimant, eh?'"

Madame de Chantonay approved in one gesture of her stout hand of these principles and of the Marquis de Gemosac's masterly demonstration of them.

"And Monsieur de Bourbon—did he accept these conditions?"

"He seemed to, Madame. He seemed content to do so," replied the Marquis, tapping his snuff-box and avoiding the lady's eye.

"And Juliette?" inquired Madame, with a sidelong glance.

"Oh, Juliette is sensible," replied the fond father. "My daughter is, I hope, sensible, Comtesse."

"Give yourself no uneasiness, my old friend," said Madame de Chantonay heartily. "She is charming."

Madame sat back in her chair and fanned herself thoughtfully. It was the fashion of that day to carry a fan and wield it with grace and effect. To fan oneself did not mean that the heat was oppressive, any more than the use of incorrect English signifies to-day ill-breeding or a lack of education. Both are an indication of a laudable desire to be unmistakably in the movement of one's day.

Over her fan Madame cast a sidelong glance at the Marquis, whom she, like many of his friends, suspected of being much less simple and spontaneous than he appeared.

"Then they are not formally affianced?" she suggested.

"Mon Dieu, no! I clearly indicated that there were other things to be thought of at the present time. A very arduous task lies before him; but he is equal to it, I am certain. My conviction as to that grows as one knows him better."

"But you are not prepared to allow the young people to force you to take a leap in the dark," suggested Madame de Chantonay. "And that poor Juliette must consume her soul in patience; but she is sensible, as you justly say. Yes, my dear Marquis, she is charming."

They were thus engaged in facile talk when Albert de Chantonay emerged from the long window of his study, a room opening on to a moss-grown terrace, where this plotter walked to and fro, like another Richelieu, and brooded over nation-shaking schemes.

He carried a letter in his hand and wore an air of genuine perturbation. But even in his agitation he looked carefully round before he spoke.

"Here," he said to the Marquis and his fond mother, who watched him with complacency—"here

I have a letter from Dormer Colville. It is necessarily couched in very cautious language. He probably knows, as I know, that any letter addressed to me is liable to be opened. I have reason to believe that some of my letters have not only been opened, but that copies of them are actually in the possession of that man—the head of that which is called the Government."

He turned and looked darkly into a neighbouring clump of rhododendrons, as if Louis Napoleon were perhaps lurking there. But he was nevertheless quite right in his suspicions, which were verified twenty years later, along with much duplicity which none had suspected.

"Nevertheless," he went on, "I know what Colville seeks to convey to us, and is now hurrying away from Paris to confirm to us by word of mouth. The bulk of John Turner, in the Rue Lafayette, has failed, and with it goes all the fortune of Madame St. Pierre Lawrence."

Both his hearers exclaimed aloud, and Madame de Chantonay showed signs of a desire to swoon, but as no one took any notice she changed her mind.

"It is a ruse to gain time," explained Albert,

de Bourbon was the first move. It failed. This is their second move. What must be our counter-move?"

He clasped his hands behind his willowy back and paced slowly backwards and forwards. By a gesture Madame de Chantonay bade the Marquis keep silence, while she drew his attention to the attitude of her son. When he paused and fingered his whisker she gasped excitedly.

"I have it," said Albert, with an upward glance of inspiration.

"Yes, my son?"

"The Beauvoir estate," replied Albert, "left to me by my uncle. It is worth three hundred thousand francs. That is enough for the moment. That must be our counter-move."

Madame de Chantonay protested volubly. For if Frenchmen are ready to sacrifice, or, at all events, to risk all for a sentiment—and history says nothing to the contrary—Frenchwomen are eminently practical and far-sighted.

Madame had a hundred reasons why the Beauvoir estate should not be sold. Many of them contradicted each other. She was not what may be called a close reasoner, but she was roughly effective. Many a General has won a victory not by the accuracy, but by the volume of his fire.

"What will become of France," she cried to Albert's retreating back as he walked to and fro, "if none of the old families has a soul to bless itself with? And Heaven knows that there are few enough remaining now. Besides, you will want to marry some day; and what will your bride say when you have no money? There are no dots growing in the hedgerows now. Not that I am a stickler for a dot. Give me heart, I always say, and keep the money yourself. And some day you will find a loving heart, but no dot. And there is a tragedy at once—ready made. Is it not so, my old friend?"

She turned to the Marquis de Gemosac for confirmation of this forecast.

"It is a danger, Madame," was the reply. "It is a danger which it would be well to foresee."

They had discussed a hundred times the possibility of a romantic marriage between their two houses. Juliette and Albert—the two last representatives of an old nobility long famed in the annals of the West—might well

fall in love with each other. It would be charming, Madame thought; but alas! Albert would be wise to look for a dot.

The Marquis paused. Again he temporised. For he could not all in an instant decide which side of this question to take. He looked at Albert, frail, romantic; an ideal representative of that old nobility of France which was never practical and elected to go to the guillotine rather than seek to cultivate that modern virtue.

"At the same time, Madame, it is well to remember that a loan offered now may reasonably be expected to bring such a return in the future as will provide dots for the de Chantonays to the end of time."

Madame was about to make a spirited reply; she might even have suggested that the Beauvoir estate would be better apportioned to Albert's wife than to Juliette as the wife of another; but Albert himself stopped in front of them, and swept away all argument by a passionate gesture of his small white hand.

"It is concluded," he said. "I sell the Beauvoir estate! Have not the Chantonays proved a hundred times that they are equal to any sacrifice for the sake of France?"

(To be continued.)



"Not for the English!" corrected Madame de Chantonay, holding up a hand to emphasise her opinion.

brushing the thin end of his moustache upwards with a gesture of resolution—"just as the other was a ruse to gain time. It is at present a race between two resolute parties. The party which is ready first and declares itself will be the victor. For to-day our poor France is in the gutter: she is in the hands of the canaille, and the canaille will accept the first who places himself upon an elevation and scatters gold. What care they—King or Emperor, Emperor or King? It is the same to them so long as they have a change of some sort, and see, or think they see, gain to themselves to be snatched from it."

From which it will be seen that Albert de Chantonay knew his own countrymen.

"But," protested Madame de Chantonay, who had a Frenchwoman's inimitable quickness to grasp a situation—"but the Government could scarcely cause a bank to fail—such an old-established bank as Turner's, which has existed since the day of Louis XIV.—in order to gain time."

"An unscrupulous Government can do anything in France," replied the lady's son. "Their existence depends upon delay, and they are aware of it. They would ruin France rather than forego their own aggrandisement. And this is part of their scheme. They seek to delay us at all costs. To kidnap

GAMBLING IN THE WORLD'S FOOD: FRANK NORRIS'S NOVEL, "THE PIT," DRAMATISED.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.

CALVIN CROOKS
(Mr. Julian Cross).CURTIS JADWIN, THE WHEAT KING
(Mr. Murray Carson).

"THE PIT": SCENE FROM THE THIRD ACT OF "THE WHEAT KING," PRODUCED AT THE APOLLO THEATRE, APRIL 16.

"The Wheat King" is based on the late Frank Norris's novel, "The Pit," which was intended to form the second episode of his projected trilogy, "The Epic of the Wheat." The most powerful scene of the novel was the description of the brokers' operation in "the Pit," as the Chicago Wheat Exchange is called. This is realistically reproduced on the stage.

TOKIO IN WAR-TIME: SCENES IN THE JAPANESE CAPITAL.

SKETCHES (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE FAR EAST.



THE OUTSET OF A SUCCESSFUL DIPLOMATIC MISSION: THE MARQUIS ITO LEAVING TOKIO TO CONDUCT NEGOTIATIONS WITH KOREA.

Not the least successful part of the operations has been the skill with which the Japanese have taken the upper hand in Korea. The diplomacy of the Marquis Ito secured the Korean Emperor's consent to a Japanese Protectorate, which gave the Mikado's forces a free hand in the Hermit Kingdom, and enabled them—while maintaining complete internal order—to manœuvre the Russians out of the country. A Korean envoy has just left Seoul for Tokio, to return the Marquis Ito's visit.



THE JAPANESE REMOUNT DEPARTMENT: ARRIVAL OF HORSES AT THE TEMPORARY STABLES, TOKIO.

MR. MELTON PRIOR WRITES: "A large number of stables for remounts have been erected in different parts of the town. The horses that I have seen brought in by their owners (who are mostly farmers or their servants) are untrained, vicious little rascals. They appear to be fresh from the paddocks, and kick, plunge, and bite at anyone who comes near them."

AMBULANCE PREPARATIONS AT TOKIO: A WORKING PARTY OF THE RED CROSS SOCIETY

SKETCH FA-SIMILE BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE FAR EAST.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, APRIL 23, 1904.—698

Red Cross Society of Japan,
Japanese, and European ladies
making bandages for the wounded.
Tokio.

EAST AND WEST ALLIED IN A WORK OF MERCY: JAPANESE AND EUROPEAN LADIES MAKING BANDAGES FOR THE WOUNDED.

At these working parties, which are now general in Japan, the ladies wear the cap adopted by nurses of the Japanese Red Cross Society, a party of which Mr. Melton Prior recently sketched as they were leaving Tokio for the front.

The Japanese Mastery of Korea.



THE MIKADO'S TROOPS IN THE HERMIT KINGDOM: JAPANESE FARRIERS AT WORK IN A CAVALRY ENCAMPMENT AT SEOUL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY K. YOSHIDA, ONE OF OUR CORRESPONDENTS WITH THE JAPANESE IN KOREA.

THE JAPANESE MASTERY OF KOREA: THE NORTHWARD ADVANCE TOWARDS THE YALU.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY K. YOSHIDA, ONE OF OUR CORRESPONDENTS WITH THE JAPANESE IN KOREA.



OLD KOREA IN THE HANDS OF NEW JAPAN: A REGIMENT OF THE MIKADO'S TROOPS PASSING THROUGH SEOUL.

THE JAPANESE MASTERY OF KOREA: THE ADVANCE TOWARDS THE YALU.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY K. YOSHIDA, ONE OF OUR CORRESPONDENTS WITH THE JAPANESE IN KOREA.



JAPANESE TROOPS PROCEEDING TOWARDS ICHON: COOLIES BEARING COMPRESSED FODDER.

The Korean coolies are helped in shouldering heavy burdens by a curious framework of rough timber, which they carry on their backs to support their loads.

THE JAPANESE MASTERY OF KOREA: THE MIKADO'S ARTILLERY MOVING NORTHWARD TO THE YALU.

LENT A PHOTOGRAPH BY K. YOSHIOKA, ONE OF THE CORRESPONDENTS FOR THE JAPANESE IN KOREA.



A BATTERY OF FIELD-GUNS ON THE WAY TO ICHON.

THE JAPANESE MASTERY OF KOREA: SCENES OF THE ADVANCE TO THE YALU.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY K. YOSHIDA, ONE OF OUR CORRESPONDENTS WITH THE JAPANESE IN KOREA.



ARRIVAL OF JAPANESE TROOPS AT THE SOUTH GATE STATION, SEOUL.

It is curious to notice the English designations "Seoul-Chemulpo Railway" and "Kei-fu Railway" on the cars.



THE COLOURS OF A JAPANESE REGIMENT ON THE MARCH AT ICHON.

THE JAPANESE MASTERY OF KOREA: SCENES OF THE MAGNIFICENTLY ORGANISED NORTHWARD ADVANCE TOWARDS THE YALU.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY K. YOSHIDA, ONE OF OUR CORRESPONDENTS WITH THE JAPANESE IN KOREA.



1. THE JAPANESE ARMY AT THE SOUTH GATE OF SEOUL.

2. THE ARRIVAL OF THE JAPANESE ARMY AT SOUTH GATE STATION,
SEOUL.3. LIEUTENANT-GENERAL INOUYE, AND COLONEL OHARA, CHIEF-OF-
STAFF OF THE TWELFTH DIVISION.

4. JAPANESE TROOPS HALTING FOR REST ON THE WAY TO ICHEON.

5. WAR AND PEACE AT SEOUL: THE JAPANESE CAVALRY ENCAMPMENT; CHARACTERISTIC KOREAN DWELLINGS IN THE FOREGROUND.

The orderliness and system of the Japanese military arrangements, so strikingly illustrated during the landing at Chemulpo, have been further tested during the arduous Korean campaign. The advance was made when the land was still in the grasp of winter, and although the snow was melting at Seoul, it still lay deep in the northern mountain passes, as may be seen in our picture of the halt on the way to Ichon, a point seventy miles north of Seoul and about eighty-five south-east of Ping-Yang.

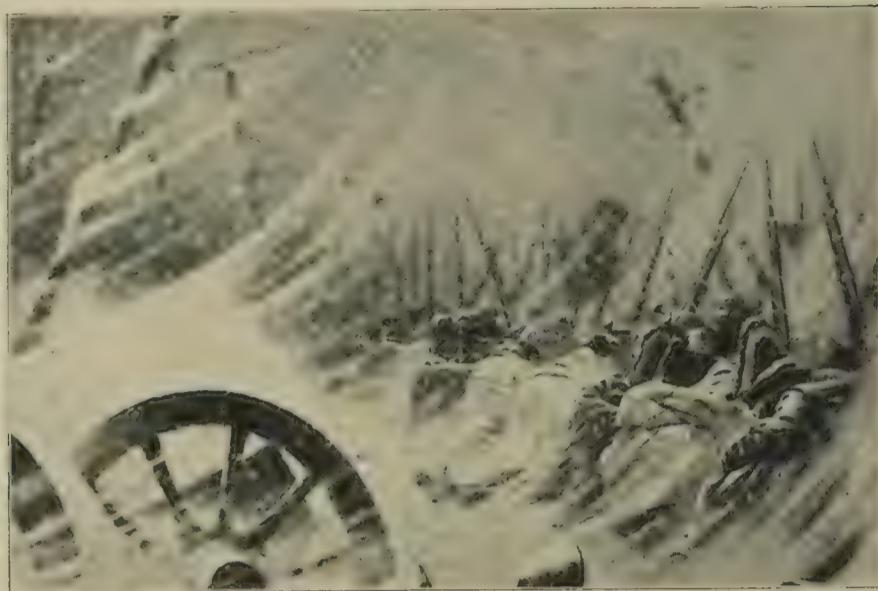
6. A HALT IN THE CLEARED SNOW: JAPANESE TROOPS IN THE STREET
OF THE SOUTH GATE, SEOUL.7. THE FLAG OF A JAPANESE BATTALION: A TRAIN OF THE KEIFU
RAILWAY IN THE BACKGROUND.

8. SEEING THE TROOPS OFF: MINISTER HAYASHI AND SECRETARY HAGIWARA.

WORKS OF VASSILI VERESTCHAGIN, THE GREAT RUSSIAN WAR-PAINTER,
DROWNED ON THE "PETROPAVLOVSK."



IN THE BURNED STREETS OF MOSCOW.



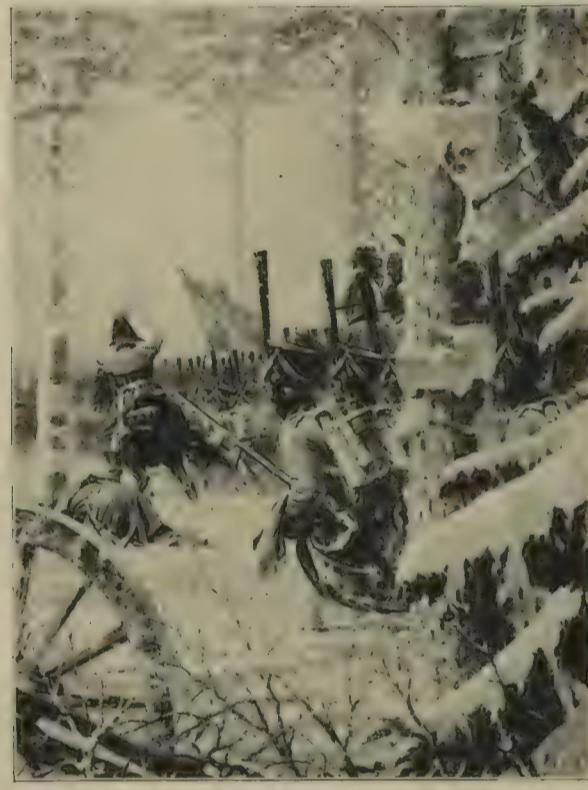
BIVOUAC.



FRANCS-TIREURS.



—VERESTCHAGIN'S PORTRAIT OF NAPOLEON I.



AN ATTACK.



A SEA OF FIRE.



STABLING IN THE USPENSKI CATHEDRAL, MOSCOW.

The pictures reproduced above (by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company) are from the painter's famous series, "Napoleon in Russia, 1812." These extraordinary examples of realistic art were exhibited in London in 1899.

RUSSIA'S LOST NAVAL LEADER: ADMIRAL MAKAROFF AND SCENES OF HIS CAREER.

PENCIL DRAWINGS BY A. HUGH FISHER.



1. THE SCENE OF ADMIRAL MAKAROFF'S FIRST EFFORT AS PIONEER OF TORPEDO WARFARE: BATOUN, 1877.
 2. ADMIRAL MAKAROFF ON BOARD THE "ERMACK," THE ICE-BREAKER HE DESIGNED.
 3. ADMIRAL MAKAROFF WITH CAPTAIN VASSILIEFF (ALSO DROWNED ON THE "PETROPAVLOVSK") ON THE POLAR ICE.
 4. ADMIRAL MAKAROFF BLESSED BY FATHER JOHN OF CRONSTADT ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR THE FAR EAST, FEBRUARY 16.
 5. A TRIUMPH OF MAKAROFF'S INGENUITY: THE ICE-BREAKER "ERMACK" AT WORK.
 6. THE SCENE OF ONE OF MAKAROFF'S TORPEDO ATTACKS DURING THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR: SULINA, ON THE DANUBE, IN 1877.
 7. ADMIRAL MAKAROFF (+) ON BOARD THE "ERMACK" IN THE GULF OF FINLAND, 1899.
 8. ANOTHER SCENE OF MAKAROFF'S TORPEDO ATTACKS DURING THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR: SOUKOUM KALEH, IN 1877.

ADMIRAL MAKAROFF'S LAST ACTION: THE ENGAGEMENT OF APRIL 13 AT PORT ARTHUR.

DRAWINGS BY CHARLES DE LACY.



1. MAKAROFF'S CHIEF OF THE STAFF: CAPTAIN VASSILIEFF, DROWNED ON THE "PETROPAVLOVSK."
2. ONE OF THE FEW SURVIVORS OF THE "PETROPAVLOVSK": THE GRAND DUKE CYRIL.
3. THE RUSSIAN WAR-SHIP "POBIEIDA," DAMAGED BY A MINE, APRIL 13.—[Photo, Cribb.]

4. THE RUSSIAN BATTLE-SHIP "PETROPAVLOVSK," SUNK BY JAPANESE MINES AT PORT ARTHUR.
5. LURED TO DEATH: ADMIRAL TOGO'S BRILLIANT NAVAL STRATEGY WHICH DECOYED ADMIRAL MAKAROFF OVER THE JAPANESE FIELD OF MINES TO HIS DEATH.

On the night of April 12 the Japanese laid mines outside Port Arthur, having carefully noted that the Russians always steered one course in issuing from the harbour. Next morning Admiral Dewa showed a small fleet and drew Makaroff out to attack, luring him fifteen miles south-east of the port. He then communicated by wireless telegraphy with Togo's main fleet, which appeared in force and attacked the Russians. In her retreat to the harbour, the "Petropavlovsk" struck one of the Japanese mines, and went down in two and a half minutes, with the Admiral and seven hundred men on board. The "Pobieda" was damaged.

A PROOF OF ADMIRAL MAKAROFF'S ACTIVITY: THE UNSUCCESSFUL JAPANESE
ATTACK ON PORT ARTHUR, MARCH 27.



THE RUSSIAN SHIPS AND BATTERIES REPELLING ADMIRAL TOGO'S SECOND ATTEMPT TO SEAL UP PORT ARTHUR BY SINKING MERCHANT-SHIPS.

DRAWN BY CHARLES DE LACY FROM DETAILS SUPPLIED BY A RESIDENT IN PORT ARTHUR AT THE TIME OF THE ENGAGEMENT.

The design of the Japanese for their second attempt to block the harbour was to sink four large merchant-steamers, which they sent in at 2 a.m., accompanied by six torpedo-boats. Owing to the combined efforts of the sea and land forces, the steamers were driven out of their course, and sank at the side of the fairway.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE WAY OF THE ANT.

There is one chapter of natural history lore of which the ardent zoologist can never tire. This is the section of his science which deals with the ways and works of the ant tribes. Wondrous as they were considered even in the days of the Wise Man, their life-history has been immensely added to and enlarged even within the past quarter of a century. Knowing the social life of ants, and the curious analogies it exhibits in some of its phases to the divisions of human society, our curiosity regarding the evolution of such features is the more intensified. Habits of slave-making, habits of keeping other insects as "cows," habits whereby in certain ants we find some specialised as soldiers and defenders of the colony, and habits of other kind, whereby strategy in battle and warfare is clearly illustrated—all tend to deepen, if also to complicate, the reading of the story of mind-development in these insects.

The average ant-nest or colony arises from eggs laid by one or more "queens." The developing young are tended by the sexless neuters, or "workers." The maggots, or larval ants, are fed by them, often nourished out of the nurses' mouths, and are as carefully watched in respect of the temperature and other conditions of the nurseries as are infantile human beings. Then the larvae become the pupae or chrysalides, and it is these youthful forms that are often mistaken for "ant-eggs." They are often given as food to pheasants. When full development occurs, the pupae change into ants, which are either winged or wingless. The latter are the "neuters" or workers, whilst they may develop big jaws and appear as the "soldiers" of the colony. Those which are winged are the founders of new colonies. They are of both sexes, and they produce the eggs whence the new generations will be evolved.

One of the features of ant-life which strikes us as singularly curious is the marvellous variation in the mode of life of different species. For example, some live in the ground; others dwell in plants; some fabricate nests not unlike those of the trap-door spider; others, again, inhabit grass-stems; and the Termites, or white ants (different insects from the common ants, it may be added), erect huge nests familiar enough as objects in the African landscape. One of the most interesting observations made in ant-life was that which showed that a certain red ant (*Acophila Smaragdina*) has evolved the habit of web-spinning. The ways of this species were duly noted in the Botanic Gardens at Peradeniya (Ceylon) by Mr. E. G. Green. The extraordinary part of the story is that these ants used larvae as their spinning-machines; the larvae employing their silk threads, used to make the cocoons, as their sewing-machines.

Mr. Green took some leaves which had been sewn together by the ants, and unfastened the stitches. The separated edges were drawn together by the ants, and then, an hour afterwards, the larvae or grubs, held in the mouths of the ants, were seen to be passed backwards and forwards across the gaps made in the leaves. The movements of the grubs were duly directed by the ants, and the silk threads spun by the mouths of the larvae soon repaired the defects in the leaves. It is added that the grubs were brought from an adjacent nest. Here we are face to face with a very extraordinary instinct, acquired in one way or another, and adapted in a most singular fashion to aid and abet a particular mode of life.

Equally curious is the habit of an ant-species which burrows in the branches of trees. The mouth of the house is guarded by a soldier or worker ant possessing a very large head. It is the doorkeeper or janitor of the home. On the approach of an inmate the head is withdrawn so as to admit the friend. If a stranger appears, we can readily understand how the friendly reception would be replaced by a belligerent attitude. But even among ants themselves we find rivalry and trickery to be exhibited in the "shift for a living" which represents the popular side of the struggle for existence. We read of a certain small ant dwelling in Europe and termed a "robber ant" on account of its predatory habits. This species lives in the company of a bigger ant, its nest being built on the same premises. But the robber constructs its domicile so that the bigger neighbour cannot enter its dwelling, and in addition to securing defence from the presence of the other ants, the robber practically lives at the expense of its co-tenant.

The slave-making habit is another trait of ant-life which has attracted much attention. It is practised by different species, and while in some cases the slaves—belonging to different groups from their masters—perform the ordinary duties of the rest, acting as servitors, in other cases there is a complete dependence of the owners on the slaves. One ant, noted by blind Huber in 1810, was shown to be in danger of actual starvation unless fed by the slaves. A British species (*Formica sanguinea*) makes slaves, but is not dependent upon them. It, however, carries off the pupae from the nests of the ants on whom it makes its forays, and the strange ants born in the nest of the conqueror take to their menial duties in a most exemplary fashion.

"Possibly this latter habit arose through incursions made on nests for the purpose of obtaining pupae for food. If we suppose some of these pupae escaped their cannibal masters' appetite and began to work in the nest, such an event might well form the beginning of a new ant-idea—that of having their housework done for them. But the whole subject of ant-life is full of marvels, and offers to the mind eager to be in touch with nature a perpetual feast." ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

C E PERUGINI AND OTHERS.—In reference to Problem No. 3125, we must refer you to the note at the foot of the column in our issue of April 9.

F C BATSON (Penzance).—We regret we misunderstood your first letter. No doubt the move you suggest was one that ought to have been played, but it would not have staved off defeat; it would only have delayed it.

PERCY HEALY, L. DESANGES, AND OTHERS are thanked for their problems.

A C BRADY.—Quite sound, and marked for insertion in an early number.

A W ROBINS (Sandhurst).—Such a notice as you suggest could not appear in less than fortnight.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3123 received from H G Moghe (Bomby); of No. 3125 from Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth) and F W Scott (Chorlton-cum-Hardy); of No. 3126 from Mrs. Mundy (Ivybridge), Fred Jeffery (Acton), C E Perugini, and R G Woodward (Worksop); of No. 3127 from R Millege (Holloway), F Oppenheim, J D Tucker (Ilkley), Captain J A Challie (Great Yarmouth), F Jeffery, Thomas Wetherall (Manchester), J H Edmonds (Bexhill), and C E Perugini.

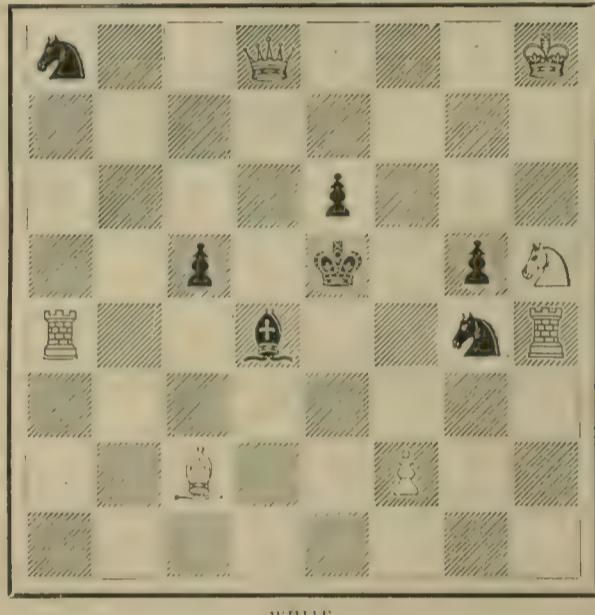
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 3128 received from A G Bagot (Dublin), Martin F, G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), J D Tucker (Ilkley), A Belcher (Wycombe), R A Simpson, H J Plumb (Sandhurst), E G Rodway (Trowbridge), G C B, F Oppenheim, Clement C Danby, F Ede (Canterbury), C C Haviland (Frimley Green), A W Roberts (Sandhurst), C E Perugini, F Glanville (Tunstall Park), Shadforth, F R Pickering (Fores Hill), A S Brown (Paisley), J F Moon, T Roberts, E J Winter-Wood, R Worts (Canterbury), F J S (Hampstead), Laura Greaves (Shelton), Sorrento, J Percy Willcock (Shrewsbury), Rev. J Julian Smith (H.M.S. *Revenge*), F Henderson (Leeds), Fire Plug, Rev. A Mays (Bedford), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), J W (Campsie), Reginald Gordon, A Holloway (Liverpool), R G Woodward (Worksop), and Charles Burnett.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3127.—By T. A. PRINGLE.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to K 4th Any move
2. Mates.

PROBLEM NO. 3130.—By H. M. PRIDEAUX.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN MONTE CARLO.

Game played in the Tournament between Messrs. MAROCZY and MARCO. (Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE	BLACK	WHITE	BLACK
(Mr. Maroczy).	(Mr. Marco).	(Mr. Maroczy).	(Mr. Marco).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	play.	The advantage gained is not very great, but it is sufficient.
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	20. P takes P	P takes P
3. B to K 5th	Kt to QR 3rd	21. Kt takes B P	B to B 3rd
4. B to R 5th	Kt to B 3rd	22. B takes B	P takes B
5. Castles	P to Q 3rd	23. Q to Q 2nd	Q to B 4th
6. B takes Kt (ch)	P takes B	24. P to Q Kt 4th	P to QR 4th
7. P to Q 4th	K to B 2nd	25. P to R 3rd	P takes P
8. Q Kt to Q 2nd	P takes P	26. P takes P	R to R 6th
9. Kt takes P	B to Q 2nd	27. Threatening B takes Kt P.	Takes Kt P.
10. P to Q B 4th		28. R to Kt 3rd	R takes R
		29. Kt takes R	R to Q sq
11. P to Q Kt 3rd	P to B 4th	30. P to Kt 5th	Q to Q 2nd
12. Kt to K 2nd	K to K 5th	31. Kt takes P	P to Q 3rd
13. P to K R 3rd	B to K B 3rd	32. If Q takes Kt, 32. R to K 8th (ch) wins. It is instructive to note how skilfully White keeps in hand the benefit of his twentieth move.	It is instructive to note how skilfully White keeps in hand the benefit of his twentieth move.
14. R to Kt sq	K to K 4th	33. P to Kt 6th	B to Kt 2nd
15. Kt to B 4th	P to K 3rd	34. R to K 7th	B to R 3rd
16. Kt to B 3rd	B to Kt 2nd	35. Q to B 4th	
		36. Q to B 6th	Q to B 8th (ch)
17. P to K 5th		37. K to R 2nd	Resigns.

A waiting move, the effect of which is to induce Black to open up his position.

Probably for the purpose of playing P to B 4th, but the Knights ought to have been changed off first.

17. Kt takes Kt B takes Kt

18. Kt to Q 3rd B to Q 5th

19. B to Kt 2nd Q to B 3rd

20. P to K 5th

Quiet, simple, and unostentatious, yet as effective as the brilliant sacrifice of a piece. This is a stroke characteristic of White's

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IMPORTANT TO ALL !!!

"The Trident of Neptune is the Sceptre of the World."

"Duty is the demand of the passing hour."—*Goethe.*

Then "Do that liest nearest thee, thy second duty will already have become clearer."—*Carlyle.*

CIVILISATION OF THE WORLD.

THE COMMAND OF THE SEA AND BRITISH POLICY.

BRITAIN MUST EITHER LEAD THE WORLD, OR MUST UTTERLY PERISH AND DECAY AS A NATION.

THE COMMAND OF THE SEA AND BRITISH POLICY.

"AN ISLAND," he pointed out,
"REQUIRED for its PERFECT DEFENCE
THE COMMAND OF THE SEA.
ONE of the CONSEQUENCES of
THE COMMAND of the SEA was that
THE COASTS of the WORLD were peculiarly
UNDER the INFLUENCE of the NATION that
Held it.
BUT THOUGH the POWER GIVEN
BY the COMMAND of the SEA
WAS SO GREAT,
IT WAS CONDITIONED by a MORAL LAW.
THE WORLD WOULD NOT TOLERATE LONG
ANY GREAT POWER OR INFLUENCE
THAT WAS NOT EXERCISED
FOR THE GENERAL GOOD.
THE BRITISH EMPIRE could subsist
ONLY SO LONG as it was a USEFUL AGENT
FOR the GENERAL BENEFIT of HUMANITY.
THAT HITHERTO SHE had obeyed this law we
might fairly claim.
SHE had used her almost undisputed monopoly
of the ocean
TO INTRODUCE LAW and CIVILISATION all
over the globe.
SHE had DESTROYED PIRACY and the SLAVE
TRADE
AND HAD OPENED to the TRADE of ALL
NATIONS
EVERY PORT on the globe EXCEPT those that
belonged to the CONTINENTAL POWERS.
BUT ALL THIS led to the conclusion
THAT BRITAIN must either LEAD THE WORLD,
OR MUST UTTERLY PERISH and DECAY as a
NATION."

SPENSER WILKINSON'S Address at the ROYAL UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTE.—*'Spectator.'*



WHICH MAY BE PREVENTED.

*Read Pamphlet given with each bottle
of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'*

CONQUEST!! EMPIRE!!! THE GREATEST OF ALL EARTHLY POSSESSIONS.

'HEALTH is the GREATEST of ALL POSSESSIONS: and 'tis a maxim with me that a HALE COBBLER is a BETTER MAN than a SICK KING.'—*Bickerstaff.*

WHAT HIGHER AIM CAN MAN ATTAIN THAN CONQUEST OVER HUMAN PAIN?

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

Is Health-Giving, Purifying, Soothing, Cooling, Refreshing, and Invigorating, and will be found a Natural, Simple, and Effective Remedy for All Functional Derangements of the Liver, Temporary Congestion arising from Alcoholic Beverages, Errors in Diet, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Vomiting, Heartburn, Sourness of the Stomach, Constipation, Thirst, Skin Eruptions, Gouty and Rheumatic Poisons, Boils, Sleeplessness, Feverish Cold with High Temperature and Quick Pulse, Influenza, Throat Affections, and Fevers of all kinds.

A MERRY HEART GOES ALL THE DAY, A SAD ONE BUT AN HOUR.

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' rectifies the Stomach and makes the Liver laugh with joy by natural means. (Or, in other words, Gentleness does more than Violence.) Its universal success proves the truth of the above assertion.

MORAL FOR ALL—

"I need not be missed if another succeed me,
To reap down those fields which in spring I have sown.
He who ploughed and who sowed is not missed by the reaper,
He is only remembered by what he has done."

CAUTION.—Examine the Capsule and see that it is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' otherwise you have the sincerest form of flattery—IMITATION.

IN LIFE'S PLAY

THE PLAYER of the other side
IS HIDDEN from us.
WE KNOW that His play is
ALWAYS FAIR, JUST, and PATIENT,
BUT we also know to our COST that He
NEVER OVERLOOKS A MISTAKE.—*HUXLEY.*

WAR !!

Oh, world!
Oh, men! what are ye, and our best designs,
That we must work by crime to punish crime,
And slay as if death had but this one gate!—*Byron.*

THE COST OF WAR.

"GIVE ME the MONEY that has been SPENT
in WAR
AND I will PURCHASE EVERY FOOT of LAND
upon the Globe;
I WILL CLOTHE every MAN, WOMAN, and CHILD
in an ATTIRE of which KINGS and QUEENS would be proud;
I WILL BUILD A SCHOOL-HOUSE on EVERY
HILLSIDE and in EVERY VALLEY over the whole earth;
I WILL BUILD AN ACADEMY in EVERY TOWN
and endow it, a COLLEGE in EVERY STATE, and will fill it with
able professors;
I WILL crown every hill with a PLACE OF
WORSHIP consecrated to the promulgation of the GOSPEL of PEACE;
I WILL support in every Pulpit an able TEACHER
of righteousness, so that on every Sabbath morning the chime on one
hill should answer the chime on another round the earth's wide
circumference;
AND the VOICE of PRAYER and the SONG of
PRAISE
SHOULD ascend like a UNIVERSAL HOLOCAUST
to heaven."—*RICHARD.*
WHY all this TOIL and STRIFE?
THERE is ROOM ENOUGH for ALL
WHAT is TEN THOUSAND TIMES
MORE TERRIBLE THAN WAR!

"I WILL TELL YOU WHAT IS TEN TIMES and TEN THOUSAND
TIMES MORE TERRIBLE THAN WAR—OUTRAGED NATURE
SHE KILLS AND KILLS, and is NEVER TIRED OF KILLING TILL
SHE HAS TAUGHT MAN THE TERRIBLE LESSON HE IS SO
SLOW to LEARN, THAT NATURE IS ONLY CONQUERED BY
OBEYING HER. . . . Man has his courtesies of war, he spares the
woman and the child; but Nature is fierce when she is offended, as she is
bounteous and kind when she is obeyed. She spares neither woman nor
child. She has no pity; for some awful but most good reason, she is not
allowed to have any pity. Silently she strikes the sleeping child with as
little remorse as she would strike the strong man, with the musket or the
pickaxe in his hand. Ah! wold to God that some man had the rictorial
eloquence to put before the mothers of England the mass of PREVENTABLE
SUFFERING—the mass of PREVENTABLE AGONY of MIND and
BODY—which exists in England!"—*KINGSLEY.*

LADIES' PAGE.

Unobtrusively but untiringly the Princess of Wales labours to promote the public interests. The visit to Bradford which her Royal Highness has consented to make on May 4 to open an exhibition of the town's manufactures in dress goods is in continuation of a work begun by her lamented mother. Long before there was any thought of protecting English manufactures by a duty, the attempt to help native industry by voluntary effort was dear to the late Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, and she frequently urged British ladies to patronise British dress materials. Fortunately, Bradford manufacturers

the endowment should go to establish a girls' school, nothing was done in that direction. But at last the Mercers' Company's Court of to-day has acted generously towards the girls of the future. An endowment of £8000 a year, and a building of £70,000 cost, are its noble contribution to the future help and training of girls to be "wise and good in living, of good letters and laudable conversation." Everything has been constructed in the new building up to date. The Princess of Wales inspected a gymnasium and a cookery-school, as well as science laboratories and a big cycle-house, in company with a series of piano-practice rooms. It was a great occasion in the history of the education of women.

A few days' of sunshine and heat have removed from the new hats in the Regent Street shop-windows the depressing label, "For the Riviera," and left the question of the immediate donning of spring chapeaux to be regarded as a London possibility. Dainty and delicate as they are, many of these latest models, a touch of fog or even mist would ruin them, and a violent March wind might carry them away, be they fixed on never so wisely. In this latter respect, there is an increasing use of the very long safety-pins that were first brought before us by the necessities of motoring. They are constructed like giant safety-pins, and pass through the crown or the bent-down flap of the hat at the back, then pin or clasp together so as to be protected at the point exactly in the same fashion as their utilitarian little brethren of nursery fame. The hat-pins of this kind are now made most ornamental by the addition of balls of jewelled gold at each end, and the stems are gold or oxidised silver. Combs, again, are requisitioned in great variety to support the chevelure on which the hat must depend for its stability. Here the Parisian Diamond Company are most useful, and deserve a vote of thanks for their artistic and serviceable ornamental combs of every description; some eminently suitable for day wear as others are for evenings. Another adjunct to the fixing of a light and airy confection in the way of a hat is the veil, which takes on greater importance every day. Loosely hanging from the brim of a wide shape, or thrown back over a closer-fitting toque, it is thus useful and often becoming as well.

Not infrequently the veil passes over the whole of the rest of the trimming, which is, of course, arranged with a view to this being done; the veiling material, too, is naturally of a transparent order. Fine black Chantilly lace answers the purpose excellently; pink roses, black tips, fancy straw were all gracefully displayed beneath a veil of this order that was caught under a long, narrow jet buckle on the front of the crown, and then passed lightly over the hat and fell a yard long down the back. A vaporous white tulle, or a net with Brussels lace sprigs sparingly appliquéd, is seen used similarly. A favourite foundation for a hat so finished is a crown entirely of flowers, usually button-roses set closely together. "Another way," as the cookery-books have it, is to leave the crown of fancy straw, or of sequined net, or of flowers, as the case may be, undraped, with a few roses or one or two clumps of smaller blooms set on it at the edge, and drape round the brim with the chiffon or gauze or lace that then droops down over the "back hair." Coloured nets with vivid chenille spots are used to throw back over the hat or draw down upon the face at will. These are seen more on the somewhat solid straws of turban or torpedo shape that are worn for shopping or walking in the morning, than upon the more dainty and dressy description of chapeaux above described.

awoke to the need for moving with the times and for finding out the direction of Fashion's changes, so as to meet customers' wishes, and not merely relying on our patriotism to make us unhesitatingly select the less becoming and stylish fabric for a frock. At present Bradford competes on equal terms with the best French manufacturing centres, and so there is no hindrance to our exercising at one time our good taste and our loyalty to our country, as the Princess of Wales herself invariably does in choosing her dress.

Even more interesting was the occasion on which her Royal Highness took a prominent share on April 15—namely, the opening of the fine new Public School for Girls at Hammersmith, a branch of the well-known St. Paul's Endowed School for Boys. Great has been the change in opinion as to the education of girls within living memory. When Miss Buss attempted to found the first high school at which girls could be seriously educated on the same lines as boys, the difficulty of raising a thousand pounds was heartbreaking. Yet there were even then thousands justly available for this purpose that had been, so to speak, filched away from girls' education: for the old founders of schools by no means confined their benefits to the male sex. There is clear evidence, for instance, that Christ's Hospital was designed by the good young King for the benefit of both sexes of his subjects. Dean Colet, the pious founder of St. Paul's School in the days of Henry VIII., left his benefaction "for the bringing up of children in wisdom and good living, in good letters and laudable conversation." Dean Colet was a schoolfellow, and, in later life, a very intimate friend, of Sir Thomas More, whose daughters were highly learned girls, and corresponded with Erasmus in Latin on serious topics. Moreover, Colet was a believer in female influence; for though himself a cleric, he placed the school under the Mercers' Company instead of under Churchmen, on the ground, as one of his friends has recorded, that "he found less corruption in a body of married laymen than in any other degree of mankind." Nevertheless, for many a long century, the great school administered by the Mercers' Company has educated boys alone as "Paulines" (Milton was one of them, by the way). Even though the Charity Commissioners recommended more than thirty years ago that some of

black Chantilly lace relieves the whole, as often as not, in the form of a falling edge all round the hat, with perhaps a veil thrown over the crown to make the fashionable back drapery falling to the shoulders or below. Some of the picture-hats are worn low and flat on the head, but others are mounted up on a bandeau at one side very high indeed. Then there are coronet toques turning back above the face like an aureole; and there are close-fitting shapes little larger than a Dutch bonnet, the last-mentioned all set over with "jewels," and finished by a cluster of flowers at each ear—rather odd-looking, these, but very effective for anybody who can "carry off" such a new style. So there is abundant variety—nearly all artistic and pretty for young faces.

Excessively full are some of the skirts in the newest light and vaporous fabrics. If the foundation be not unduly large round, the quantity of a soft material that may be gathered and gauged above makes no perceptible inconvenience to the wearer. Were the underskirts as full as the overdress in some cases, a form of crinoline would appear indispensable. It is not possible that such an affliction can be adopted for general use in present conditions: the activity of our daily habits forbids it. But perhaps the soft and frivolous frocks that go to race-meetings and fêtes, and such occasions of pleasure and flutter, may come to be stiffened round with one row of supporting barricade ere long. The most supple materials are in highest favour. Voiles, mousselines-de-soie, taffetas, new makes of soft silk under various names, chiffon velours, barège, and grenadine—such are the fashionable fancies of the on-coming season. Pelerine effects, wide-falling sleeves and deep collars, add to the general appearance of softness and "droopiness." It makes for grace if worn "in a concatenation according"; yet not all of us British women are gifted with that talent. Cloth souple is a happy mean: it is pliable, and drapes with elegance and free from stiffness, and yet it has a substance. Made with a very little train to a skirt having a flat front, three or four flounces to the sides and back, little buttons for trimming, aided by a ruche of the material here and there, a kid belt, a collar of embroidery of a rich kind and harmonious colouring,



A MUSLIN DRESS WITH LACE INSERTION.



A CLOTH GOWN WITH LACE AND CORDS.

and there is a gown to suit the style of most English wearers better than the more flimsy and falling-away confections.

A cloth gown forms the subject of one of our Illustrations. It is trimmed with bands of lace insertion and with cords. The full frills shown at the wrist are almost indispensable for a smart appearance. The other illustration shows a white spotted muslin adorned with frills and lace insertion. The hat is of the same muslin trimmed with a lace frill and pink roses.

The Princess of Wales has conferred on Parkins and Gotto, of Oxford Street, W., the honour of appointment as stationers to her Royal Highness. The same firm has already received a similar appointment as stationers to H.M. the Queen.

FLORENCE.

Taste & Economy in Furnishing

Waring's have demonstrated the fact that Beautiful Design and Sound Workmanship in Furniture and Decoration may be had in conjunction with very moderate prices.

EVERY DESCRIPTION of DECORATIVE MATERIAL, in the NEWEST DESIGNS, at



WARING'S
ART FURNISHERS TO THE KING.

DECORATIVE GALLERIES

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Also at Liverpool, Manchester, and Paris.

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QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C., 2
OXFORD STREET, W., 158 TO 162

SHEFFIELD: The Royal Works.

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(MAPPIN BROS. INCORPORATED.)
Mappin & Webb

London Show Rooms:
REGENT STREET, W., 220
QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C., 2
OXFORD STREET, W., 158 TO 162

MANCHESTER: JOHANNESBURG:
24-26, St. Ann's Sq. PUBLIC LIBRARY BUILDINGS.

SELECTIONS SENT ON APPROVAL



THE NEW GALLERY.

Mr. Watts, R.A., is represented at the New Gallery by five pictures, of which one must say at the outset that they ought to have been grouped together. They do not belong to any of their surroundings, and both they and the canvases near them lose, in different ways, by the juxtaposition. Of his allegories the smaller, "Progress," has more pictorial beauty than the great "Fugue," in which a kind of column of bambini are gambolling in the air, in old-master attitudes, with old-master limbs, but without the old-master pearly beauties in the shadows of their flesh. By old-master we mean in this case Italian painters of the sixteenth century. The larger version of "Endymion" now on view will revive the pleasure conferred years ago by the smaller canvas dedicated to the same subject. Mr. C. H. Shannon, who has so much that is like with so much that is unlike Mr. Watts, and must be counted among his few followers, does not exhibit; but Mrs. Swynnerton—another of the few—is well represented, especially by her portrait, Miss Marjorie Evans. Her "Faith," with the strong expression of the face—an expression without the aid of eyes, for they are closed—might be also a Joan of Arc; the head is thrown back, in intense meditation, and the hands rest on the cross of a sword.

Mr. Sargent has two portraits. "More alive than life," we say as we look at his presentations of Mrs. Hugh Smith and Mr. W. H. Lucy ("Toby, M.P."). Here, as often elsewhere, Mr. Sargent gives us glorified bodies; they outshine the actual. Mrs. Hugh Smith is a typical Englishwoman, with the freshest of complexions framed in silver locks of hair, with honesty apparent in her face, in her dress, in her attitude: an Academician's sitter in every line. A glance at the



A VANISHING MEMORIAL OF THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY: WILBERFORCE'S HOUSE AT CLAPHAM.

At Broomfield, Wilberforce lived during the last years of his successful campaign for the abolition of slavery. He was the leader of the "Clapham Sect," which included Grant, Eliot, and Zachary Macaulay.

accessories, however, reveals the master hand: the jewels are those that are counterfeited by his brush and by no other. The portrait of "Toby, M.P.," is lifelike, even to the quality of the hair and its rather insistent up-springing. Mr. Sargent is a student of the ways of hair.

In the first room we note, in passing, Mr. Matthew Hale's "Crossing the Ford," touched with brave romance, and reminiscent of a fine picture exhibited some years ago by Mr. Arthur Lemon. A word of welcome must go to the freely drawn profile, "Canrie," exhibited by Miss Maud Trehane; to "A Sheer Hulk," by that most strenuous painter of nature, Mr. John R.

OUR TEETH.

HAS no one been struck by the fact that in spite of the regular daily cleansing of the teeth with tooth-powders and tooth-pastes, the teeth (and particularly the back teeth) frequently become decayed and hollow? And is not that a convincing proof that tooth-powders and tooth-pastes are completely inadequate means for cleaning the teeth? Our teeth are not so obliging as to decay only in places which can be conveniently reached with tooth brushes, powders, and pastes. On the contrary, it is just in these localities which are difficult of access, such as the backs of the molar teeth, the interstices of the teeth, hollows and cracks, that causes of destruction of the teeth appear most frequently and are most probable. In consequence, if anyone wishes to preserve his teeth intact—that is to say, to keep them healthy—this can be effected in one way only, by daily cleansing

and rinsing the mouth and teeth with the new antiseptic dentifrice and mouthwash Odol. During the process of rinsing this preparation penetrates everywhere, reaching alike the cavities in the teeth, the interstices between them, and the backs of the molars, destroying bacteria wherever generated. This absolutely certain effect which Odol has been scientifically proved to possess is principally due to a peculiar property which causes it to be absorbed by the mucous membrane of the gums so that they become impregnated with it. The immense importance of this entirely new and unique property should be fully grasped; for whilst all other preparations for the cleansing and protection of the teeth are effective only during the few moments of application, Odol leaves an antiseptic deposit on the surface of the mucous membrane and in the interstices of the teeth which continues to be effective for hours. In this manner a



continuous antiseptic effect is produced, by means of which the whole oral cavity and the minutest recesses which it contains are completely freed from, and protected against, all fermenting processes and injurious bacteria. It follows that everyone who daily and regularly cleanses his mouth and teeth with Odol will practise the most perfect hygiene of the mouth and teeth in accordance with modern scientific principles.

The taste of Odol is most delicious and refreshing. Odol is supplied to the public in two distinct flavours—"Sweet Rose" and "Standard Flavour." The former is delightfully mild, and in special favour with ladies, while generally "Standard Flavour" is preferred on account of its more expressed taste and refreshing and invigorating effect.

It should be borne in mind by purchasers that the full-sized flask at 2/6 is more advantageous to them than the half-sized flask at 1/6, as it will last twice as long.

Reid; to Mr. Aumonier's noble and solidly painted "Hillside Pasture"; to two little silver-and-green landscape sketches by Mr. Teed; to Mr. Adrian Stokes's austere "November in the Dolomites"; and to Mr. W. J. Hennessy's "Gossips at the Gate," a very agreeable record of life and nature in Southern France. In his "Green Haunts and Loneliness," Mr. Stokes paints what must be called a prim scene. The lighting of it is surprisingly clever, but the title's suggestion of loneliness is hardly borne out by the interplay of sun and shadow or by the three deer which, as it seems, are all awaiting the arrival of a fourth. Mr. Alfred Parsons, A.R.A., in his "Magnolias," disappoints us only inasmuch as the flowers themselves are hardly as beautiful as the lifeless accessories.

Mr. Walter Crane exhibits a series of small, precise little pictures of Sicily, in two or three of which he has captured some of the brightly deep effects of Southern light. In this room is the beautiful "Willow Pond" of Mr. Stott, a landscape full of spirit and atmosphere.

In the West Room, which is always the first visited, are Mrs. Stokes's bright and pure tempera painting, "Mrs. Garrett Anderson, M.D.," with its high and beautiful tone of flesh; Sir George Reid's perfectly correct but not very interesting "Mr. Holman Hunt"; Mr. Stott's "Folding-Time," a very fine little picture of a red rising moon over low farm-buildings and a flock of sheep grey in the dusk—a very beautiful study of tone; Mr. J. J. Shannon's childlike and charming portrait, "Jack"; Mr. C. W. Wyllie's "Calm Before the Storm," with a fine distance; Mr. Alfred East's "Sunny Valley of the Somme," clever if rather heartless; Mr. G. Spencer Watson's very honest and unaffected painting, "Mr. James Harris"; and Mr. George Henry's "Poinsettia," a seated portrait of a



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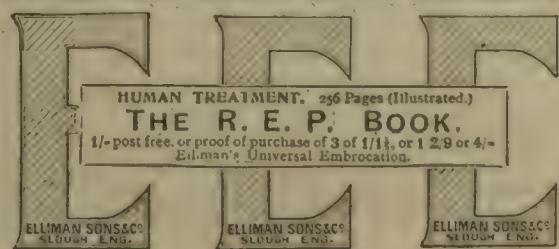
The Chief Contents of the May Number include:

OUTDOOR MEN, No. 2	The Bishop of London. With a Coloured Cartoon by TOM BROWNE, R.I.
RIDING A RACEHORSE	By Mornington Cannon
HORSE v. MOTOR	By Lord Shrewsbury.
CUP-FINAL FANCIES	By C. B. Fry.
THE FIGHT AT OUT CAMP	By K. and Hesketh Prichard.
THE A.B.C. OF BOXING	Dramatically Illustrated.
THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP	By G. W. Beldam.
AND COUNTY CRICKET PROSPECTS.	

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lady, not altogether successful or pleasant in tone, rather an experiment than a picture, in spite of the ability of the painting of the dress and sofa.

The North room contains, besides the Sargent portrait already mentioned, Mr. Wetherbee's very beautiful landscape, "Enone Forsaken," an idyllic and decorative work which one would like to see decoratively placed in conjunction with some constructive setting. The picture has an exquisite sky, and fine painting of trees across its tender spaces. Here also are the exceedingly clever portrait by M. Blanche, "Mrs. Cosmo Gordon Lennox"; the well-painted and dignified "Miss Idonia La Primaudaye" of Mr. George Henry; the standing portrait in uniform (and it stands uncommonly well) by Mr. John Lavery, "Lieutenant Freiherr von Neimans." Here are Mr. Austen Brown's two very dissimilar pictures, "A Chinese Cloak," which is a portrait, but chiefly a study of a certain positive tone of colour; and "Sunny Hours," a composition of field and trees in late afternoon sunshine, with children loitering in the light. The painter has had, perhaps, too resolute an intention of excluding everything that did not contribute warmth and softness to a scene essentially soft and warm, but, in nature, not unmixed. Mr. Peppercorn's "Falmouth," almost in monochrome, beautiful and interesting in passages of the painting, is one of the conspicuous landscapes; but Mr. Westley Manning, Mr. Thorne-Waite, Mr. Leslie Thomson, Mr. F. Spenlove-Spenlove, Mr. F. Black, Mr. A. Withers, Mr. Strahan, and Mr. W. E. F. Britten, are amongst the painters of landscape who show feeling in some passage of nature, or some charm of atmosphere or execution.

Finally, the portrait that represents the art of Signor Mancini—"Baron Caccamisi"—is a work of high realism, the realism that is justified by perfect drawing, sound construction, a fine sense of values, of tone and of colour. In this portrait Signor Mancini proves himself more decidedly than in former works, a colourist! The rosy red background of the head is in itself beautiful and very harmonious with the tints of the strongly lighted flesh. The head and the figure, moreover, are full of character.—W. M.



THE NEW REREDOS IN CHELTENHAM COLLEGE CHAPEL: TO THE MEMORY OF OLD CHELTENIANS WHO FELL IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The larger figures represent men who played a great part in the history of the national Church; the smaller figures represent leaders in Art, Science, Administration, Education, Literature, and Learning. There are also portraits of Gloucestershire worthies, and various symbolical figures. The design is by Mr. H. A. Prothero, F.R.I.B.A., of Cheltenham.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Archbishop of Canterbury spent Easter at Porto Fino, near Genoa, and went on to Florence. He and Mrs. Davidson return to Lambeth Palace next week, in time for the private conference of the Bishops.

The Rev. F. A. Gregory, who has been appointed Bishop of Mauritius in succession to Dr. Pym, is at present taking temporary work at Cape Town by invitation of the Archbishop. The new Bishop is the younger son of the Dean of St. Paul's, and for twenty-six years devoted himself to missionary work in Madagascar under the S.P.G. He established St. Paul's College for the training of native catechists and clergy. Mr. Gregory knows the Malagasi language thoroughly, and was one of the translators of the Bible published in 1889.

An east-end window in memory of the late Dean Farrar is to be erected in the Church of St. John the Baptist, Hoxton, of which the late Dean's son, the Rev. Eric M. Farrar, is Vicar.

Amongst the Sunday School pilgrims to Palestine a feeling of cordial religious fellowship has prevailed. Dr. Monro Gibson, Mr. Watkinson, and the other Nonconformists have regularly attended services conducted by Archdeacon Sinclair, while the Archdeacon has more than once been amongst the audience who listened to some eloquent Nonconformist divine.

The Bishop of Truro is taking a short holiday in the South of France, and in his absence the mission church at Newlyn was dedicated last week by the Archdeacon of Cornwall. A Swedish artist, M. Kronstrand, who has spent two months in the town, has offered to provide some fresco canvases for the east end of the building.

In reading this week about the proposal to erect a stained-glass window in Hexham Abbey Church in memory of Henry and George Bell, two early churchwardens, I thought that the Church of England would honour itself by placing in the abbey a monument to Hexham's greatest townsman, Dr. Joseph Parker. The time will doubtless come when great preachers, apart altogether from their sectarian position, will be thus commemorated in the parish churches of their native towns.

V.

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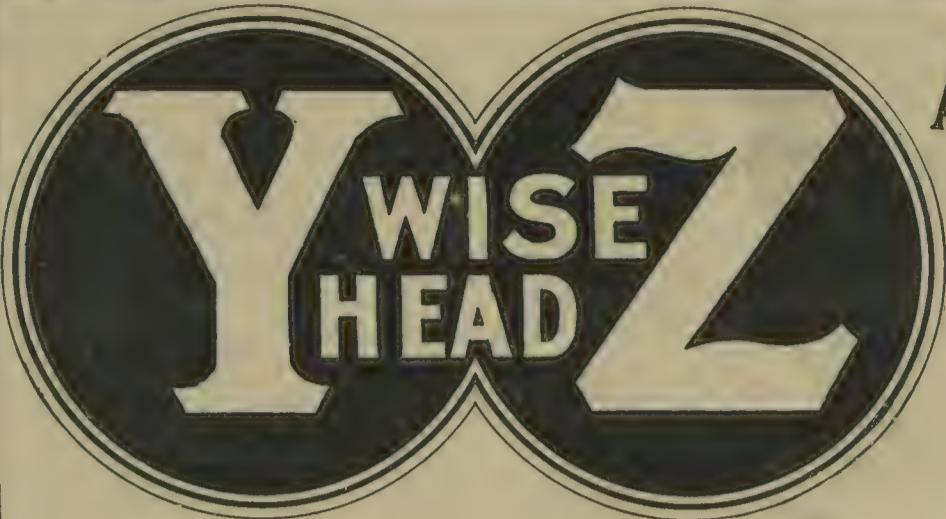
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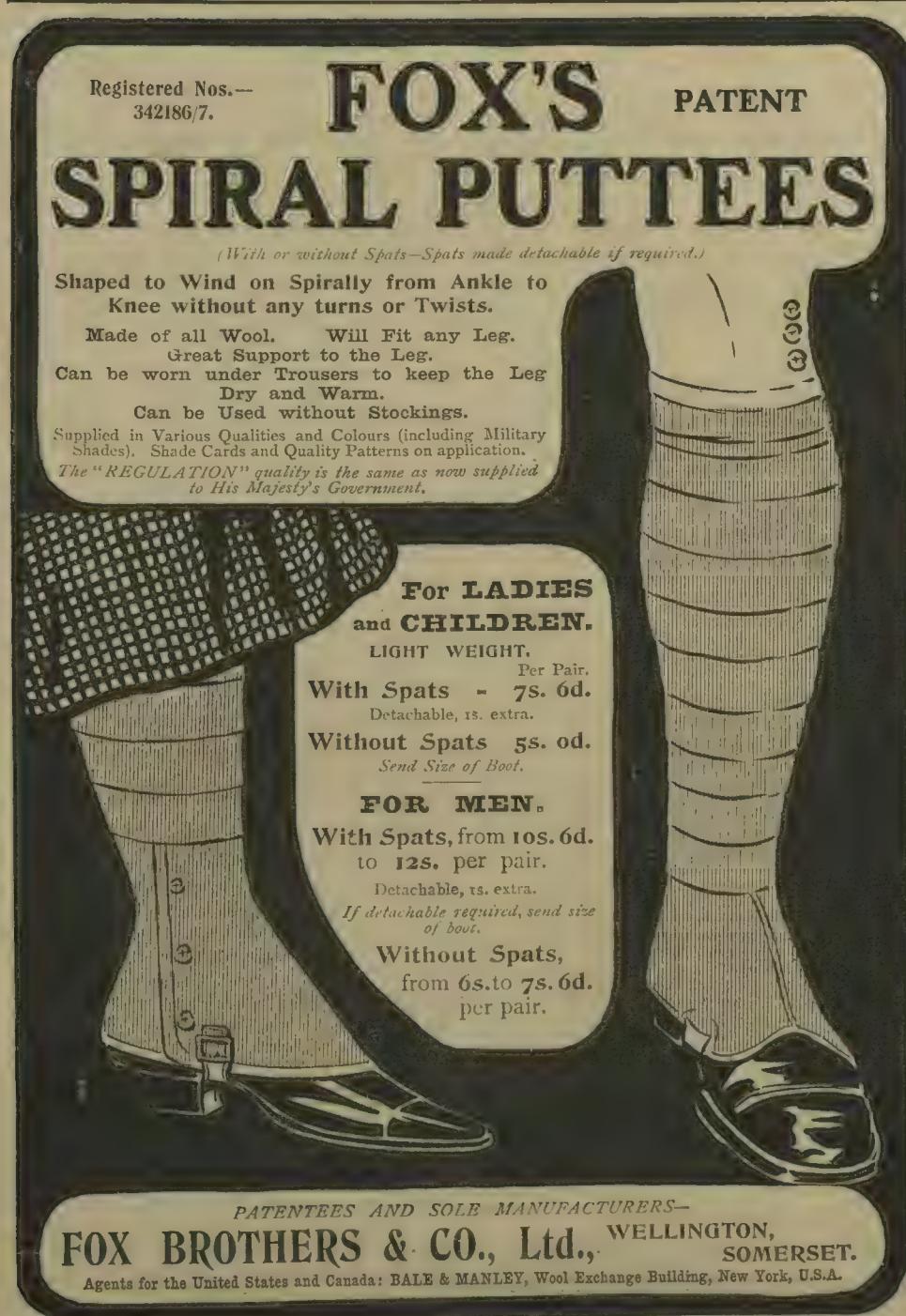
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MUSIC.

The principal musical interest of the past week has centred in Professor Johann Kruse's second Musical Festival at the Queen's Hall. At the second orchestral concert of the series a highly interesting programme was presented. Herr Felix Weingartner conducted excerpts from Tschaikowsky, Haydn, Liszt, and Brahms. Haydn's beautiful symphony in G minor, "Oxford," was taken without a pause between its four movements. It was probably called "Oxford" because it was the symphony Haydn gave as an illustration of his musical genius when he received the honorary degree of Doctor of Music at Oxford in 1791. A great reception was accorded to Mr. Mark Hamblow, who was recalled nearly a dozen times after his pianoforte solo in Tschaikowsky's Concerto in B flat minor. He played with most extraordinary fluency, accuracy, and force, and with the underlying artistic spirit that makes his performance so technically perfect, so entralling. Liszt's romantic symphonic poem "Tasso" was then given. Brahms' Symphony No. 2 in D major was the concluding number.

At the fourth concert of the Festival, on Saturday afternoon, April 16, was given an equally varied



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programme, beginning with the overture and scherzo from the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music of Mendelssohn, and ending with the "Jupiter Symphony," of Mozart. Professor Johann Kruse himself played the violin solo in Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto conscientiously. In the adagio he seemed to be almost unduly restraining himself. The dramatic and picturesque overture, "Romeo and Juliet," by Tschaikowsky, followed; and two songs of the talented conductor, Herr Felix Weingartner, with orchestral accompaniments, were sung by Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies.

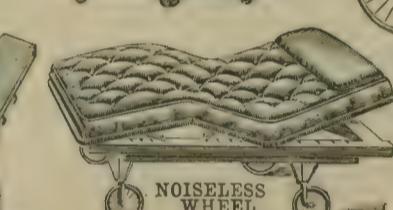
The Artists Rifle Volunteers held their annual battalion smoking concert at the headquarters in Euston Road, on Thursday, April 14. The programme comprised no fewer than forty-two turns, including the first performance of the King's Musketeers' new Operatic Medley; a charming sketch by Private John W. Ivimey. Miss Irene Vanbrugh recited "The Art Critic," and received a vociferous encore and a bouquet. Miss Isabel Jay, Miss Billie Burke, Miss Hilda Trevelyan, Miss Margaret Cooper, Miss Lilian Harvey, Miss Grace Arundale, and Miss Irene Penso, who contributed two delightful violin solos, also received floral tributes and royal welcomes.

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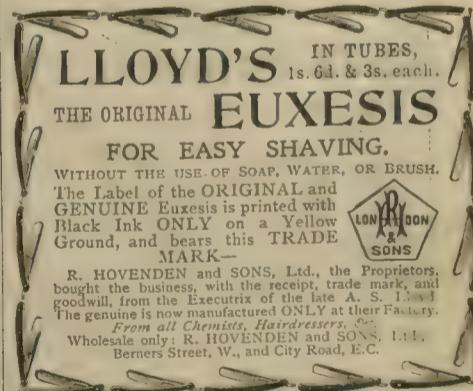
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 21, 1896) of Colonel Charles Arthur Wynne-Finch, of Voelas, Denbigh, and Cefnwmwlch, Carnarvon, late Scots Guards, who died on Dec. 4, was proved on April 8 by Mrs. Maud Emily Wynne-Finch, the widow, Major John Seymour Wynne-Finch, the brother, and Sir John Arthur Godley, K.C.B., the value of the real and personal estate being £149,394. The testator settles the Cefnwmwlch estate on his second son, and the Voelas estate and the remainder of his real property on his eldest son, but Mrs. Wynne-Finch is to have the use and enjoyment thereof until they shall respectively attain the age of twenty-one years. He gives £12,000, in trust, for such of his children as shall not succeed to the said estates; £3,000 to his wife; £3,000 to his brother Major John Seymour Wynne-Finch; £100 to Sir John Arthur Godley; and an annuity of £120 to his uncle John Hungerford. All his stocks, funds, and securities he leaves, in trust, for his wife, for life, and then for all his children. The residue of his personal property he leaves to his wife.

The will (dated May 9, 1902), with two codicils (dated Sept. 3, 1902, and Aug. 28, 1903), of Mr. Thomas Maynard How, of Nearwell, Salop, who died on Jan. 29, has been proved by his sons William Maynard How, Charles Walsham How, and Walter Wybergh How, the value of the estate being £112,897. The testator gives certain property at Shrewsbury to his son William Maynard; £3,000 each to his sons Charles Walsham and Walter Wybergh; £16,000, in trust, for each of his daughters Margaret Elizabeth and Louisa Dorothy; £100 each to his daughters-in-law Mabel Louisa and Elizabeth Dorothy; and legacies to clerks and servants. He appoints the funds of his marriage settlement to his said three sons. The residue of his property he leaves among all his sons, share and share alike.

The will of Mr. Stephen Albert Marshall, of Skelwith Fold, Hawkshead, Ambleside, and formerly of Leeds, who died on Feb. 9, has been proved by Mrs. Elizabeth Anne Marshall, the widow, the value of the estate being £94,302. The testator leaves all his property to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated Nov. 14, 1894), with three codicils (dated Nov. 24, 1899, Nov. 6 and Dec. 23, 1903), of

Mr. Henry William Hoskyns, of North Perrot Manor, Crewkerne, Somerset, who died on Feb. 22, was proved on April 8 by Henry William Paget Hoskyns and Arthur Philips Hoskyns, the sons, the value of the estate being £80,869. The testator bequeaths £100 each to his daughter Mary Blanche, Lady Wedderburn, and her husband; £100 each to his son Arthur and his wife; £500, in trust, for his granddaughter Margaret Griselda; and legacies and annuities to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his son Henry William, his other children being already provided for.

The will (dated Nov. 15, 1895), with a codicil (dated Feb. 14, 1902), of Mr. Samuel Ogden, of Park Place, Cheetham Hill, Lancashire, who died on Dec. 21, has been proved by Adam Stewart, Herbert Froid, and Mrs. Emily Ogden, the widow, the value of the estate amounting to £72,252. The testator bequeaths £150 and an annuity of £250 to his wife; £100 per annum to his daughter Mrs. Florence Edith Froid; £50 per annum for six years to each of his executors; and the silver service presented to him by the merchants of Manchester to his grandson Samuel

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The will (dated Dec. 27, 1902) of Sir Edward Walter, K.C.B., of Perran Lodge, Branksome, near Bournemouth, founder of the Corps of Commissionaires, who died on Feb. 26, was proved on March 30 by Frederic Edward Walter and John Henry Fraser Walter, the nephews, the value of the estate being £19,546. The testator gives all his share and interest in the *Times* and *Mail* newspapers, in trust, for his son Lieutenant-Colonel Richard Lionel Walter, for life, and then as he shall appoint to his children; the centrepiece presented to him by the officers of the Army and Navy to his son; £500 and the household furniture, etc., to his wife, Dame Mary Anne Eliza Walter; and such a sum as with other funds will make up £10,000, to the trustees of his marriage settlement. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his wife for life, and subject

thereto he gives fifty-eight £100 shares in the Linby Colliery Company, to his son, the remainder of such shares to his daughters, Mary Catherine Laura and Emily Violet, and the ultimate residue of his property to his son.

The will (dated Feb. 4, 1888) of the Right Hon. Joseph Powell Williams, P.C., M.P., of St. David's, Beckenham, who died on Feb. 7, was proved on April 9 by Mrs. Anne Elizabeth Williams, the widow, and William Allan Bindley, the value of the property being £19,352. The testator gives £100 and the household effects, and during her widowhood the income from the residue of his property, or an annuity of £200 should she again marry, to his wife. Subject thereto he gives three fifths thereof to his sons Rowland and Francis Powell, and one fifth each to his daughters Mary Dorothea and Winifred Ethel.

The will (dated May 28, 1897), with a codicil (dated June 4, 1898), of the Rev. Henry Hugh, Earl of Devon,

of Powderham Rectory, Powderham, Devon, who died on Jan. 29, has been proved by the Hon. Hugh Leslie Courtenay, the son, the value of the estate being £6213. The testator gives £6000 stock to the trustees of the marriage settlement of his deceased son Lord Courtenay; and the residue of his property to his son Hugh Leslie.

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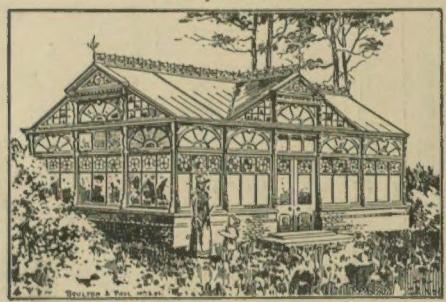
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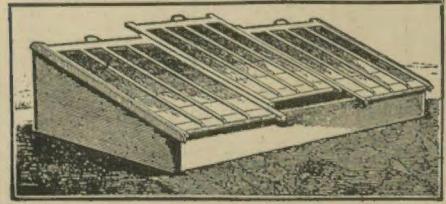
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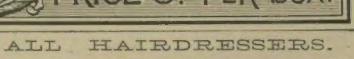
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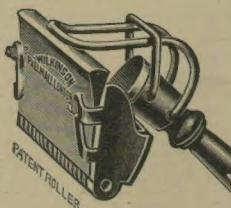
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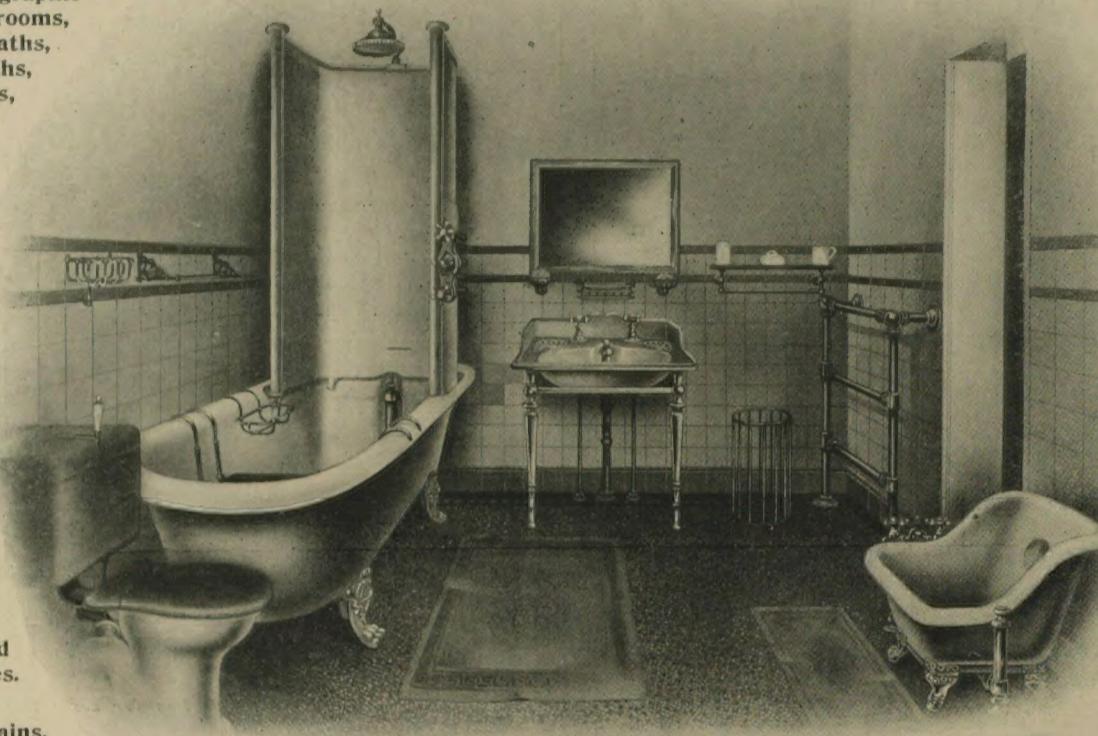
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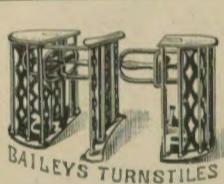
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